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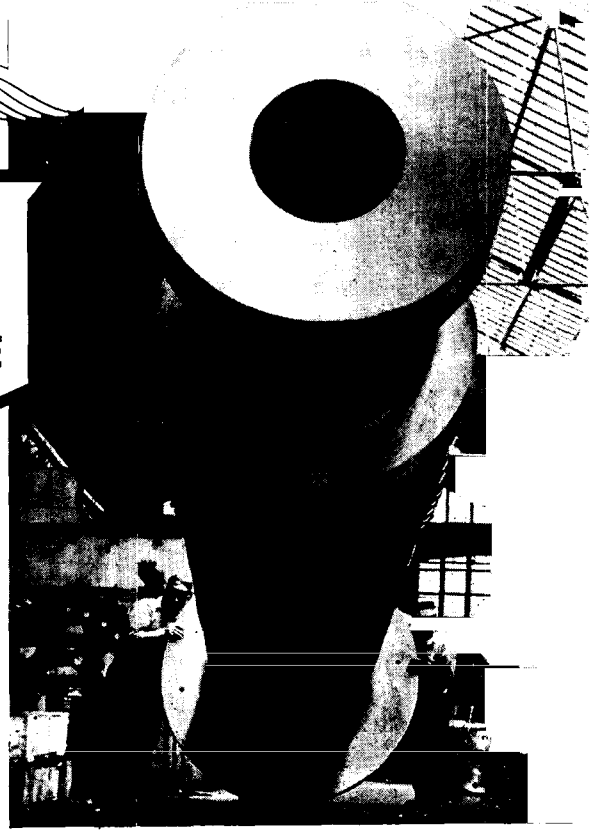

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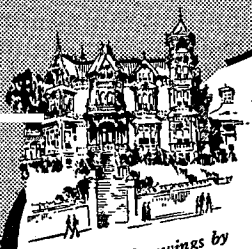

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VOLUME LII

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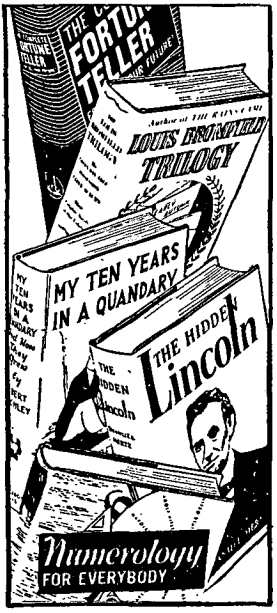

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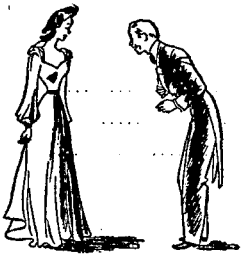

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VOLUME LI OCTOBER, 1940 NUMBER 202

The American
MERCURY

STALIN'S AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE

By Charles Yale Harrison

A foreign government, a potential enemy of the United States, has successfully "muscled in" on the American waterfront, merchant shipping and marine communications. It is laboring to extend its influence to the vital fields of warehousing and food distribution. Unless its powerful grip on these essential channels of our economic life is shaken loose, it will become a stranglehold that will help render this country powerless in the face of a concerted attack by the dictatorships. It is in the hope of heading off such a disaster that this article is written.

The government in question is Soviet Russia, now in effect an ally of the Nazi-Fascist axis. It maintains its remote control of these nerve centers of American life through the infiltration, capture and control of waterfront, shipping and communications trade unions by its American agency, the Communist Party. Spearhead of Stalin's trade union columns in the United States is the communist-dominated National Maritime Union, whose 65,000 members man the Atlantic, Gulf and Great Lake vessels of the U. S. merchant marine. Ranged alongside it in battle formation are the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Association on the Pacific Coast and the American Communications Association, which controls U. S. maritime radio operators. Heading these organizations are Joseph Curran, Harry Bridges and Mervyn Rathborne, respectively, all goosestepping on

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the Stalinist "party line," surrounded by lieutenants under Muscovite discipline, and promoting the communist slogans of the hour, just now calling for vociferous support to the Hitler-Stalin alliance.

The communist credo demands that comrades in key positions conceal and if necessary deny their party affiliations. Hence the long-drawn comedy of "proving" what nearly every West Coast union man knows — that Bridges is a communist. Hence the denials by Curran and Rathborne. Sometimes such denials are technically correct — a man need not actually carry a membership card to be a communist, take Party orders, and carry out the "line." My documents are replete with off-guard admissions, inadvertent remarks at meetings, revealing that men in these unions who publicly deny being communists are in fact members. The NMU, besides its president, has a long list of officials who have — by their activities or their words — revealed communist affiliations.

The United States merchant marine, in the words of Congress, should be "capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency." Its 1422 merchant ships aggregating 8,407,000 tons of shipping would become a vital part of the supply life line of American armed forces. Despite this tremendous strategic importance, it has been allowed to become an important cog in the world-wide machinery of Moscow's Third International, through the control of its personnel by communist leaders of the National Maritime Union.

The picture of an alien dictatorship holding the reins to key American labor unions and thus able to throttle American economy and defense measures at will has been sketched in the general and labor press again and again. Now it can be filled out and supported by hundreds of original documents in the writer's possession: letters, telegrams, teletype messages, minutes of meetings, secret reports. The unearthing of this material was made possible to a large extent by the loyal cooperation of former officials of the maritime union — one an officer of the U. S. Naval Reserve. Photostatic copies of the documents are now in the hands of the proper Federal authorities.

Among these documents is an official copy of the minutes of a closed membership meeting of the National Maritime Union held in New York on May 4, 1938, from which the press, except for the communist *Daily Worker*, was ex-

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cluded. At this meeting Joseph Curran, president of the union, boasted of his power, if necessary, to interfere with the movement of American arms and munitions:

> I wonder if the brothers realize that this union is the target of all the big industrial, lobbying and shipowning interests. *I wonder if the membership realizes the strategic position in which our union is placed.* That is the reason every politician and every big manufacturer in this country is sniping at this union. Because they know that *some day this union will be in a position to say when and where they will ship arms and ammunition from this country.**

Illustrations of how the union operates as a link in Stalin's international apparatus are contained in a sworn affidavit by William L. Holler, former associate editor of *The Pilot*, official organ of the NMU. Holler declares that in 1937, *The Pilot*, despite rank-and-file opposition, was clamorous in its support of the Stalinist policy of "collective security" and in the recruiting of American seamen for the Spanish trenches. He states:

> Over 800 seamen were sent to Spain to fight the Franco forces; a good half of the membership [of the NMU] were whipped into a frame of mind to stop "war materials"; *and ships were stopped and delayed. . . .* The ridiculous extreme in *Pilot* propaganda was *an appeal to American seamen to carry on coastal espionage work as to the nature of ships' cargoes and the international affiliations of the ships' operators. Many seamen acted upon this propaganda.*

Roy B. Hudson, a maritime leader high in the councils of the Communist Party, offers further evidence of the role of the NMU in the Spanish war. In a pamphlet published by the waterfront section of the Communist Party last year, entitled *True Americans* and dedicated to the "American marine workers who fought for world democracy in the trenches of Spain," he says:

> There were at least 500 maritime workers and teamsters who fought in Spain. . . . We are proud of the fact that our party has been able to attract such men into our ranks and that, in Spain, they have proved themselves worthy of membership in the Communist Party.

The Commission of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts which investigated subversive activity in that state in 1938, in its official report, states:

> We believe the conclusion is inescapable that the Communist Party already has control of the National Maritime Union in Massachusetts.

What was true of Massachusetts in 1938 is now true, unfortunately, of the entire Atlantic seaboard, the Gulf ports and the Great Lakes. The potential dangers involved are fairly obvious. An official of the

*Italics in quotations are the author's throughout. — C. Y. H.

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U. S. Maritime Commission recently described to me how easily a mercantile vessel could be put out of order by an enemy sympathizer in the ship's crew. The use of a little emery dust, as he said, "could cripple the vessel and leave her helpless on the high seas." Supplementing the work of engine-room saboteurs, communist and pro-Nazi members of the American Communications Association would be in a position to wireless the positions of American merchant vessels at sea in time of war, according to agents of the U. S. Naval Intelligence. In short, the communist intrusion is strongest precisely where it can be most mischievous in a crisis.

At a secret meeting of East and West Coast seamen in San Francisco on October 21, 1936, according to the official minutes of the gathering, Harry Bridges spoke of the necessity of "workers' control" of the entire American waterfront, shipping and maritime communications. He said:

> When I see the workers sticking together, and know they are going forward with a solid program, *that is all you can expect until the workers take charge of the world — and some day they are going to do that, too.*

Bridges' "solid program" means a tightening of the Communist Party's grip on the nation's lines of communication and supplies. Hitler and Mussolini, too, speak of "proletarian control of the world" and move from aggression to aggression in the name of the German and Italian working-class.

II

In common with all other communist-dominated organizations, trade unions under Stalinist influence follow the zigzag "party line" in practice while loudly disavowing Moscow connections. Since Hitler and Stalin made their peace in August, 1939, the National Maritime Union, the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Association and the American Communications Association have all abruptly changed their views on foreign affairs. The changes run absolutely parallel to one another and to those ordered by the Moscow International for its affiliates. At any given period, the position of the three unions has coincided with the position of the Communist Party.

Last year all three heartily endorsed a third term for President Roosevelt and supported "collective security." They clamored for vigorous action against Hitler and Mussolini and led the hue-and-cry

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against Nazi agents in our midst. This year the trio — like Browder's henchmen in other fields — have reversed themselves in all these matters. They oppose the third term and call Roosevelt a warmonger and bellow the new communist slogan, "The Yanks Are Not Coming." All three are now anti-British and silent on the question of Nazi-Fascist aggressions over which they were formerly so exercised. In short, they toe the "party line."

All three, of course, ardently supported and sent large delegations to the so-called Emergency Peace Mobilization in Chicago, August 31–September 2 of this year. This was a blatantly communist rally with a thin veneer of innocents and was bitterly denounced by scores of AFL and CIO unions as a stunt to bolster Hitler-Stalin sabotage of American defense efforts. Curran personally was excoriated by 38 CIO officials for appealing for funds for this Stalinist meeting.

Praise of the Nazi-Soviet pact has become a major article of faith among the elite of all three organizations. Premier Molotoff's speech before the Supreme Soviet, in which the Hitler-Stalin treaty is hailed as "a mighty bulwark of peace," is included in bundles of union literature carried aboard ships for NMU crews. Two officers of the maritime union, Jack Paone and Walter Kaner, New York delegates, were relieved of their duties early this year for refusing to recognize the Molotoff pamphlet as official union literature.

The complicity which exists between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia in international affairs is paralleled in the communist-controlled waterfront, shipping and communications unions. The NMU includes 2000 German-born pro-Nazi seamen, many of them strong-arm members of the German-American Bund, concentrated for the most part in the Steward's Division. Since the signing of the pact, Nazi and communist elements in the union work in closest harmony. Indeed, Federal agents are now at work in Atlantic seaboard ports following clues concerning a possible link between NMU officials and Gestapo (secret service) headquarters in Berlin.

The following incident speaks for itself: on May 25 of this year the S. S. President Roosevelt left New York for Galway to evacuate American citizens caught in the war zone. Five days later, when the vessel was nearing her port of call, the New York *Daily News* published a story of sensational Nazi charges — to the effect that Brit-

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ish secret service agents were aboard the relief ship, plotting to blow it up and blame the disaster on the Nazis. The story then went on:

> A Berlin broadcast picked up by the *News* short-wave listening station at 9 P.M. named Joseph Curran, president of the CIO National Maritime Union, as authority for the accusation.
>
> The Berlin announcer declared: "The German authorities have received additional information showing conclusive proof of the planned attack in a statement by the famous American labor leader, Joseph Curran, president of all the American seamen's unions, who telegraphed the authorities that he had evidence that there are three British secret service agents among the crew of the President Roosevelt and they are preparing to commit an act of violence on the vessel's return voyage."

The charge that British agents plan to blow up neutral passenger liners with the intention of fixing the blame upon the Nazis is one of the stock publicity devices of Dr. Goebbels' ministry of propaganda. The apparent tie-up between Curran's office and the Gestapo sent reporters scurrying to the labor leader's office and to his home in an effort to confirm the Berlin broadcast. But Curran could not be located. Finally, however, William L. Standard, the union's attorney, who for the past several years has marched in the annual communist May Day parades in New York, was available for comment. Questioned, Standard said that on the day the President Roosevelt sailed, an anonymous letter reached Curran stating that British secret service men planned to destroy the vessel on her return voyage.

"Did Mr. Curran communicate this information to the agents of the FBI?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He thought it was a crank letter."

"How did the Nazi broadcaster get his information?"

No answer. Mr. Standard didn't know. In any case, the "authorities" to whom the fantasy was conveyed were not the American authorities.

The marked pro-Hitler, pro-Stalin attitude among NMU crews has become so offensive in recent months that American passengers returning from Europe on the S. S. Manhattan on July 19 of this year complained to officials of the United States Lines concerning the behavior of the crews while at sea. Elated stewards burst into cabins to tell of Nazi military victories. They pointed proudly to two swastikas (American Indian symbols) inlaid in the liner's bar and told startled passengers: "That's us all over!"

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III

Russia's campaign to capture and control the American waterfront, shipping and communications has been under way for nearly fifteen years. Ben Gitlow, former general secretary of the Communist Party for nearly a decade, in his book, *I Confess*, says:

> Moscow considered it essential to Soviet military preparedness to gain control of the seamen in the merchant marines of the capitalist countries. Today the Soviet government dominates the most strategic industry of the country through the National Maritime Union of America which has jurisdiction over the ocean-going, coastwise and lake shipping. The union is completely controlled by the Communist Party. . . . It took years of sinister machinations and the closest cooperation with the GPU (now the NKVD) to make the Communist Party master of the waterfront.

Nothing is permitted to stand in the way of the determined men who carry out the Kremlin's orders in the U. S. merchant marine. The original documents that form the basis of this article are filled with accounts of intrigue, corruption and terror, mainly directed against non-communists. Here is a random sampling.

The official minutes of a meeting of the Engine Division of the NMU, held in the New York headquarters on March 28, 1938, contain the following excerpts from an affidavit which was introduced under the heading of "charges brought by members":

> Felix Siren, acting chairman of the CIO Organizing Committee of New York Harbor, together with Bookkeeper John Rafter, continually used pressure on me in attempting to force me to pay $5.00 weekly from my salary to the Communist Party. *When I refused to pay $5.00 to the Communist Party on December 2nd, 1937 in the office at 10 Bridge Street, Felix Siren threatened me with a gun.* During the struggle for the possession of the gun several shots were fired. As a result of this fracas the police were called. I was arrested and spent three months and 19 days in the Tombs Prison before I was acquitted of all charges.

Teletype transcripts read like messages of Nihilist *intrigants*. They reveal continuous and mysterious contacts among the leaderships of the three organizations with which we are dealing. Here are teletype messages flashed between Curran, Bridges and Rathborne:

> HAVE DISCUSSED THIS WITH HARRY [BRIDGES] AND HE AGREES THAT THIS IS THE BEST PROGRAM. MERVYN END.

> IS JOE [CURRAN] THERE? . . . CONFIDENTIAL, ARE YOU ALONE? . . . YES . . . ABBICF. CONFIDENTIAL. BRIDGES EXONERATED BY CORONER'S JURY.

> IS THE AREA AROUND THE MACHINE CLEAR AS THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL LEAKS FROM NEW YORK?

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Instructions from Patrick B. Whelan, NMU agent at the Port of Baltimore, to a Pacific Coast union official, concerning the AFL crew of the S. S. Penmar en route to San Franscisco:

> This ship is 100 per cent hot, rat, scabby, etc., which includes the entire crew from Captain down. *Dump them all!*

In waterfront lingo "dump" means to slug or to blackjack. Walter Carney, at one time Curran's bodyguard and "secretary" and now serving a prison sentence for theft, in a letter to a buddy tells of a plan to shake down other seamen:

> We all live together and the rest of the gang are on the educational squad. [An educational squad in the NMU is a strong-arm gang.] They are going to form a reception committee for the crew of the S. S. Washington when she arrives tomorrow. You know the room rent is due and they expect the ——s on the Washington to contribute. Hi, ho!!

The crew of the Washington were duly "educated" and the room rent was paid. Letters, telegrams and official documents in my possession are filled with similar cases of violence, in which "oppositionists" — that is, those opposed to the communist leadership or tactics — were the favorite victims. Thomas McGowan, newly elected agent for the Port of Boston, in a letter to another NMU official, offers some fine points in the art of persuasion. The intended victims referred to below were anti-communists in the ranks of the union:

> When Monday night came, nobody showed up. Incidentally, we were disappointed, as we were lined up with baseball bats waiting for our "friends" to show up. . . . In the meantime, we shall see that Brother Stewart meets with an accident before then.

The official minutes of a joint membership meeting of the NMU, held in New York on November 4, 1938, contain a report from the president of the union himself concerning the "dumping" of anti-communist seamen on board the S. S. Erica Reed. The episode took place just before the ship sailed with supplies for the communist wing of Loyalist Spain and no one but trusted comrades was welcome on board. Curran was present during the assault.

Nor are dumpings the only form of violence employed by Stalinist agents in the waterfront union. Last year, on September 17, a mysterious murder occurred along the New Orleans waterfront. The victim was Philip Carey, communist member of the NMU Gulf District Executive Board. Shortly before the killing, the entire board had been arbitrarily removed from office by Curran because of its refusal to carry out communist

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instructions. Seamen along the waterfront say that Carey was murdered because he was getting ready "to spill the beans." John R. Riley, another anti-communist seaman on the Pacific Coast, was murdered during the 1935 waterfront strike.

Instances of intrigue, double-dealing, corruption, violence and terror can be matched in both the West Coast Longshoremen's union and the American Communications Association. Curran's crude rise to power, based on "dumpings" and "accidents" to anti-communist opponents, is paralleled in the records of Bridges' and Rathborne's unions. However, Rathborne was not always a devout and relentless goose-stepper along the "party line." Back in 1931 he wrote to Frank B. Powers of the Commercial Telegraphers Union (AFL) pleading with him that something be done about organizing the marine radio operators, adding:

> Incidentally, the Communist Party, in great contrast to the C. T. U., is eager and willing to organize the operators. Of course their idea is to cause a tie-up of American shipping and to make trouble, but one would think that an American organization, such as the A. F. of L., would be willing to do as much as a foreign outfit bent on making trouble.

Yet today Rathborne is a loyal associate of Curran and Bridges in extending the communist control of the American waterfront. Presumably he has forgotten about the Communist Party being "a foreign outfit bent on making trouble." The net result is that nearly every "sparks" in the United States merchant marine, no matter how loyal he may be to his country as an individual, is the tool of men who owe allegiance to a foreign dictatorship.

IV

There are three missing links in the communist chain around the entire American network of shipping, communications, and the flow of vital commodities. The first is the Seamen's Union of the Pacific (AFL); the second is Joseph P. Ryan's longshoremen's union on the Atlantic seaboard (also AFL); and the third is the jurisdiction of the warehouse, wholesale and retail employees throughout the country, a CIO organization now in the hands of non-communists.

Early last April, Harry Bridges came to New York with the avowed intention of extending his own communist-dominated organization to cover the entire field of distribution, involving more than 2,000,000 workers. The scheme was so grandiose that newspapermen were inclined to scoff when it was

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first mentioned. But those who knew Bridges realized that he was playing for the highest stakes in his career, and are watching the game with keen attention. On his return to the Pacific Coast, a convention of his longshoremen's union immediately passed this resolution:

> Resolved, that the ILWU national organizing committee shall concentrate its efforts in organizing the 2,000-000 workers in the wholesaling and distribution fields throughout the nation to secure the gains of the longshoremen through a long-term agreement with their employers, and further advance the numerical and economic strength of the ILWU by starting organization which will contribute to the strength of the ILWU.

Funds for this ambitious effort were immediately forthcoming: the convention voted a 15 per cent per capita tax on every union member. During his New York visit Bridges called upon the national officers of the United Retail and Wholesale Employees Union, the existing CIO union in the field, and politely asked them to surrender their jurisdiction voluntarily to his "protective apparatus." Their replies were curt and impolite, but in private conversations they admit that they are deeply concerned. They are not inclined to underestimate Bridges and the power behind him. If Bridges' plan to capture the warehouse and distributing unions is successful, he and his associates in shipping and communications will control the arteries of our economic blood stream.

The NMU has already created the machinery for cooperating with Bridges on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Rathborne has promised the help of his radio operators. If the scheme works it will place more real power in the hands of Bridges, Curran and Rathborne than is held by any other cohesive group of labor leaders in the country. If the plan succeeds, the communists will have a stranglehold on the life lines of American industry and defense. Well-timed action by more than 2,000,000 seamen, radio operators and warehouse workers might well prove a decisive factor in rendering America weak, if not helpless, before the onslaught of a merciless enemy. The question involved is not one of collective bargaining and labor organization, a cause to which the writer is whole-heartedly devoted. We are confronted with the misuse of that cause by direct and indirect agents of foreign powers. This constitutes a threat to the security of the whole American nation.

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WHY I DON'T GO TO CHURCH

By Channing Pollock

One beautiful Sunday morning, I stood alone on the deck of a ship in the Red Sea. The breeze-ruffled water sparkled with sapphires; to starboard lay Mecca and the Arabian Desert. I was never more full of reverence. I thought of God and His wonders; of the wonder called Man, and of the things in Man's heart that incline him to God. Into this communion intruded the voice of a fellow-passenger, an English girl, asking, "Aren't you going to divine worship?" I answered, "I *am* at divine worship." She was puzzled.

"Aren't you going to attend the church service?" she said. "I should think you would want to show your respect for the Captain."

"I respect the Captain as a navigator," I explained. "I respect his right to worship God in his own way, and your right, and mine. But I cannot accept him as an interpreter of God to me, nor do I need any intermediary between me and God."

The story went round the ship as evidence of my lack of religion. I believed then, and I believe now, that I am a deeply religious man. I have many dear friends in the ministry, and the greatest respect for their high calling. I have occupied pulpits of every denomination, except Mormon and Catholic which bar laymen. But, except when I conducted the services, I haven't been inside a church in years. For me, going to church has no more to do with religion than listening to Fourth of July orations or singing "The Star Spangled Banner" has to do with patriotism.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that in a corner of his heart was a plant called reverence which needed watering about once a week. I find my reverence getting its moisture constantly from the earth and air; from a sunrise, or a stadium concert, or the inspiration of words like those of Lord Halifax in his defiance of the Nazis. I can't guarantee to be devout at precisely eleven o'clock on a certain day of the week.

Anything habitual loses its cogency. Too much of what is said in

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church has been said thousands of times, and without inspiration or dedication. The words are what a famous divine called "smooth coinage"; worn thin by use, they slip through the mind without leaving a trace. Too many preachers are more anxious to impress their congregations than to help them; too many prayers are exhibitions of fine phrasing rather than appeals to God.

It should be the function of the pulpit to give spiritual significance to our daily lives, to deepen our religious sentiments and broaden our ethical concepts. But for these things a great many of us have ceased to look to the church. We are far from being un-Christian, but we have our own contacts with God, and feel nearest to God when we are alone with Him. We find most preachers less concerned with our pressing problems of here and now than with vague promises of future reward, and of a Celestial intervention in our mundane affairs upon which experience teaches us to place little reliance. We find

WHAT DO *YOU* THINK?

At least $1700 offered for reader opinions

CHANNING POLLOCK does not stay away from church because he is irreligious; he feels keenly, along with millions of others, that the prime need of the world today is a revival of intelligent, vital, meaningful religion. Do church services, does the pulpit, give us that religion? Mr. Pollock says *No*. Other laymen will say *Yes*.

We publish this controversial article in the hope that it will move readers to make suggestions which will result in a series of genuinely constructive articles. To this end, THE AMERICAN MERCURY and THE READER'S DIGEST, jointly, invite letters from laymen and clergymen:

(1) Letters from laymen telling what going to church means to them.
(2) Letters from clergymen describing what is being done, or should be done, to make church a source of deeper spiritual satisfaction to increased numbers of people.

Fifty dollars will be paid to each of the writers of the 10 best letters of not over 500 words. From these 10 — if the editors judge the material to be sufficiently compelling — at least one will be invited to write a full length article for which, upon publication, $1200 will be paid. Letters must be typewritten, double-space, and mailed to The Church Editor, 2 Beekman Place, New York, N. Y., before November 1, 1940.

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the kind of "religion" they offer to be the preservation of symbols, doctrines and a philosophy largely without meaning in our modern world. After a week's confinement in office or shop, this is not enough to rout us out of bed for an hour of even closer confinement in generally uncomfortable benches from which to make prescribed motions.

Whatever the published statistics, the truth is that most people do not go to church. We should go oftener, perhaps, if the clergy had a greater share in our common experience. Dwelling in ivory towers may bring our ministers nearer to God; it doesn't bring them nearer the average man and his problems. "The professional good man" is a familiar, and not an attractive figure.

Recently, several other travelers and I shared a smoking compartment with a round, rosy-cheeked man in canonicals who discussed with his secretary the regulation of behavior in a certain slum. We knew this man had never been uncomfortable in his life, and none of us could have been guided by him, in church or out of it. At the other extreme are thousands of underpaid and underprivileged parsons, given rigidly circumscribed education and turned loose without either taste or opportunity for further development. Such men cannot command the respect of their communities.

In one huge auditorium where I filled the pulpit, an usher told me he had never seen a vacant seat. When I knew the pastor, I knew why. On the other hand, a different kind of cleric whose pulpit I filled greeted me with the statement, "Tonight's congregation is the biggest we've ever had." In the course of my talk, I made a gentle witticism. Afterward, this minister told me that he believed "laughter to be unseemly in a house of God." I thought, "Maybe that's why this is the biggest congregation you've ever had."

II

The Rev. Dr. Wadham, in my play, "The Fool," barred discussion of labor conditions in his parish, but was passionately concerned with eucharistic candles; very few of his cloth were shocked by that, but nearly 700 of them wrote me complaining that my rector-hero, Gilchrist, smoked a pipe! Arthur Garfield Hays recently showed me a collection of denominational pamphlets opposing even very moderate drinking, as well as smoking, dancing, card-playing, theaters, movies and "every

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Sabbath sport but passing the plate." "Their chief effect," he said, truly, "is to persuade the average man that religion is a system of trivial taboos, having nothing whatever to do with him." You can tell Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Citizen that it is important to be decent and honest; you can't tell them it's wrong to go swimming on Sunday. They know it doesn't matter to God whether they swim or not; they don't stop swimming, they stop going to church.

There are too many vital problems for a religion of ecclesiastical formulas, of narrow creed, of the type Mark Twain described when he said the Puritans denounced bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Most of us have not "lost our religion"; we have merely grown out of a faith confined in walls and dogmas, into something that is really part of our lives. We agree with Llewelyn Powys that "true religion is a heightened awareness of the poetry of existence," or with the New Testament that it is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen"; an instinctive, personal communion with the Infinite that is not helped by superficial ceremony, funereal music, or meaningless cant.

There are, of course, hundreds of clergymen of fine mind and character, richly endowed, human and vital, and I do not find *their* churches empty. To such missionaries I can listen with pleasure and profit, in the pulpit or out of it, whether I agree with them or not. But the overwhelming majority are good and devout persons who have nothing to say, and must say it twice every Sunday. Most of *my* Sundays, and the Sundays of millions of other thinking citizens, are spent in towns that have no better spiritual guidance. Neither they nor I can sit at the feet of these men and call it an act of religious devotion.

For many reasons, you can't blame the parsons. I deliver two or three different lectures to one or two hundred different audiences every year. I devote a month or six weeks to the preparation of each lecture. If I were Demosthenes or Immanuel Kant, I couldn't deliver 100 different, and vital, addresses each year to the same audience — particularly if that were only one of my duties, and more particularly if I had been trained in the importance of theological orthodoxy. One day last autumn in New York, when everyone was asking himself whether civilization was in its death throes, I passed five churches, and noted the sermons

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announced. Three of them were "Our Fidelity to the Gospel," "This Sinning World at the Cross," and "The Divinity of Christ: Can the Doubter Be Christian?"

Even when sermons are not so far "from the field of our sorrow," we find most of them, as reported in the newspapers, eloquent only of superficial thinking, limited experience, and pious platitudes. Many authorities insist that for centuries the church was the protector of "entrenched privilege." Recently, it has gone in for dangerous radicalism, suicidal pacifism, and the vision of an adolescent settlement-house worker. Why should you or I waste an hour on half-baked social theories, that might be spent with Herbert Spencer or Ortega y Gasset? What do I gain by an hour of starry-eyed nonsense about world peace through listening to God, when I've just been listening to Hitler?

I believe my reasons for not going to church to be those of a large number of Protestant Americans. So far, no one seems to have found the remedy. Neither the churches nor the wants of their potential communicants can be filled by advertising, movies, strawberry festivals and oyster stews, or by eliminating competition or resenting criticism. The need is for fundamental and universal truths, expressed in "the new terms of each generation." The world is hungry for such truths; we ask our spiritual leaders for bread, and they give us, not even a stone, but pebbles.

"The groves were God's first temples," and who shall be blamed for preferring them to ornate structures whose cost could have fed thousands of starved minds and bodies, or to drab little shacks, empty of any kind of beauty? I can well understand the story once told me by the dancer, Ruth St. Denis. She had been reared a Methodist, and remained essentially religious, though in her later years she had little opportunity for attending services. One Sunday, in a small town, she learned of her mother's death, and the old impulse asserted itself. "The church," she said, "was hideous; the fence broken and the lawn unkempt. I entered. Damp stained the walls inside. A bad organist played dirges on a wheezy organ, and four people who couldn't sing droned them lugubriously. Then a preacher who couldn't talk did so through his nose. I fled. I hate motion pictures, but I finished that morning listening to a small symphony orchestra in a movie theater. THERE WAS *LIFE* THERE!"

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▶ *As we celebrate Columbus Day this month, the author proves that*

AN IRISHMAN DISCOVERED AMERICA

By T. F. Healy

Who was the first white man to discover America? Millions of Americans on October 12 commemorate the landing here of Christopher Columbus. Millions also assume that the honor belongs to Leif Erickson. I cannot therefore expect to be believed right off when I assert, on the basis of convincing data, that the distinction belongs to an Irishman. New facts have come to light proving that one Brendan, sturdy son of Éire, was the first to discover America, nearly a thousand years before Columbus, or more explicitly in the year 534.

Every schoolboy is familiar with the story of Columbus' first sight of land from the *Santa Maria* in 1492. That was his second sea-voyage, however; and little is generally known about his first. History tells us that prior to his first trip to America Columbus made a voyage "towards Iceland." The Irish claim that history is oddly vague and inexact here. They claim that he sailed not towards Iceland, but directly for Galway, Éire, in the Spring of 1477. There he met with two Irishmen, Patrick Maguire and William of Ire, whom he took with him as navigators on his return to Spain; their names have been found listed in a record of the crew of the *Santa Maria* among the archives of Seville. The Irish say that Columbus picked Galway to find information bearing on his theories about the undiscovered country to the west, because it was from that port that Brendan sailed in the Sixth Century to discover America.

Most of the Irish knew of the Brendan voyage, but whenever they told it it was set down as another of their tall tales, an Irish fairy story. But Irish scholars knew what was behind the story. Once the race had possessed two original manuscripts telling of the voyage, but unfortunately these were lost or destroyed with many other manuscripts during the Danish and English invasions of the country. So the best the Irish could do was to hold on to the story and make it part of their copious oral tradition.

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Today, however, they are ready to dispense with the oral tradition as the sole basis for proving the Brendanian discovery. They have found fragmentary records of the original manuscript story and certain references to it in other extant manuscripts which serve indisputably to reaffirm the truth of their claim.

For example, they have a part of the biography of Brendan himself in a manuscript called *The Book of Lismore*, which was found by accident in Lismore Castle in Waterford and which was itself compiled from accounts handed down of the lost original manuscripts. This script tells a goodly part of the life of "*Brendain mac Finnlogha do schliet Ceir meic Fherghusa*" (Brendan, son of Finnlug, of the race of Ciar, son of Fergus). It tells of his being born in 484 at Tralee, not far from the Lakes of Killarney. (He died in 577, aged 93.) It identifies Brendan as a historic character, and above all it describes the careful preparations made for his voyage to the unknown West in 534. Follows an excerpt from *The Book*, translated from the Irish:

> Brendan now had built three large vessels, having three banks of oars in each vessel, to sail over the loud-voiced waves of the rough-crested sea and over the abysms of the wonderful, terrible, relentless ocean, where they saw in the depths the red-mouthed monsters of the sea and many great whales in that western ocean. . . . The ships were ribbed and planked from within, and covered with hides of oxen, tanned on oak-bark with the joints thereof tarred, and all the seams caulked on the outside. They took food in two supplies, sufficient to provide them with sustenance for seventy days, and also oil to use on the skins, together with many utensils pertaining to the wants of human life. A mast they built in the middle of each ship, and other rigging which belonged to the craft. They went aboard, and having unfurled the sails, they set forth towards the Summer solstice. . . .
>
> Their ships were large and commodious, with needful equipment for the long, unknown voyage. They embarked with a total crew of sixty men, among whom were the shipwright and the smith who helped to build the ships. . . . And after many days on the rough-maned ocean they saw a large number of sea-cats (*sic*) seeming to devour them, and to save the lives of his countrymen, the most wicked man of the crew, Crosan, jumped overboard for a sacrifice to appease the hunger of the sea-cats. . . . And there many dangers now came from the fierce, deep currents and vast, black whirlpools, lashed to fury by the wind, and there came one great, lashing storm that almost swamped the ships; but Brendan arose and said this prayer: "It is enough for you, O Great Sea, to drown me alone, but suffer my people to escape." And in a little while the tempest abated and the waters were calmed. . . .
>
> And after many days were spent and all their supplies gone they came to a land exceeding rocky and high, with banks high and steep. Streamlets came from the top of the land and flowed down to the sea, but they could find no resting-place, and they were troubled

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with hunger and thirst. Sailing about this strange land for three days, they found an inlet for passage of their ships. . . .

Where Brendan landed is now known as the Carolina Coast. Recent geographical research has proved this. The story of Brendan's voyage was picked up and translated into several European languages. A Latin copy of the folk tale is preserved in the *Bibliotheque Nationale* in Paris, under the title *Navigatio Brendani*. The tale of the Irishman's exploit became one of the most widely-spread and popular romances of the Middle Ages, penetrating also to the Levant and the Near East. The Arabs heard the story too, and the tale of Sinbad is apparently based on that of Brendan. Such scenes in the *Arabian Nights* as *The Island of Sheep* and *The Island of Birds* are lifted word for word from the Irish version, as we see it compiled today from references in other scripts to the original manuscripts.

The Brendan story is said to have influenced the geographical savants of all Europe during the Middle Ages, as well as the opinions of Spanish and Portuguese sailors. Columbus is stated to have heard the story, which was why he sailed to Galway to find more about it. And when Portugal ceded its rights to the Canary Islands to Spain, the treaty included among its other clauses "the Island of Brendan, the land not yet known."

II

When Cortez and his six hundred adventurers landed in Mexico the native Indians there told them the story of their greatest hero, "the white man" who had sailed centuries before over the ocean "with wings" (sails) like those of the Spaniards. The traditional Indian story to this day tells us that the white man stayed with them for seven years and taught the Toltecs a new and humane system of government. But what most surprised Cortez and his men was the finding of traces of Christianity. The white man was the mysterious Quetzalcoatl, who still is honored among the Indians and who became to the Toltecs a god. The Toltecs moved into Mexico in the Sixth Century, having come from the northeast or what is known as the Ohio Valley, where their relics have been found. In a voluntary migration they went southwards in 1050 from Mexico to Central America, where they built cities, the remains of which were discovered only some years ago.

Quetzalcoatl was none other than Brendan. That is what the Irish

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today claim. *The Book of Lismore* says that Brendan was gone from his country for "over seven years," which agrees with the Indian figure. Recent research has proved that Brendan went westwards towards the Ohio Valley and then southwards. The Toltecs were still there in his time. As for the traces of Christianity among the Indians, all signs point to Éire as the only land in the Europe of that time that could possibly have sent missionaries west. From the Fifth to the Tenth Centuries it was the chief country to send forth *peregrini* or missionaries, and those it sent to every part of the Continent. It was the period of the country's Golden Age.

The Indian tradition also has it that Quetzalcoatl spoke "with a mighty voice to many," while the Irish story describes Brendan as one "with a voice that could be heard a thousand paces on every side of him." The Indians tell us that when their hero walked "the birds flew with him," while the Irish story relates that wherever Brendan went "all manner of singing birds went with him." The Indians describe their man as "tall with white beard and black mantle," which tallies exactly with the Irish description of Brendan, "bearded, tall of stature and dressed in a black cloak." Other details are no less striking in their similarity.

Moreover, with the revival of the Irish language today scholars of Éire are interested in the many words of the American Indian dialects which have Irish roots. The tie-up recalls a strange passage found in the Icelandic *Errygybbia Saga*, telling of the voyage here in 1079 of one "Gudlief Gudlangson, who sailing towards Ireland was swept westwards off his course, until after many days he came to a vast land, where he met people, and they spoke Irish. . . ." In some of the Scandinavian manuscripts the America to which Gudlangson and Leif Erickson came is called *Hvitrammamaland* (White Man's Land) and *Irland ed Mikla* (Ireland the Great). The country which Brendan and what later Irish navigators are said in Irish folklore to have come after him covered, stretched from Chesapeake Bay through North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, extending as far west as Ohio. It is also worth mentioning that when the Norsemen came here in the Tenth Century, to what they called "Vinland," they said they found men there "with beards." Neither Indians nor Eskimos wear beards.

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Thus the Irish today are determined to have the voyage of Brendan written into factual history, to communicate it to the mind of the world and particularly to the mind of the American world. The Irish were then the Titans of western civilization; great mariners, they sailed eastwards on raids as far as Asia Minor long before Brendan's time. Tacitus, the Roman historian, speaks of their commerce with Rome. Long before Brendan they held the idyllic forethought of America, dreaming of their *El Dorado* towards the setting sun, "in the shadows of the stars." They called it *Tirnanogue*, Land of the Ever-Young, and *Hy-Brasil*, Isle of the Blest, as the place where their souls went after death.

One may accuse American historians and antiquaries of a certain negligence in overlooking the significance of the darkly veiled story of Brendan. The Irish themselves are now uncovering the period and putting Brendan forward as an actual historical figure. Most histories about them have been written by their enemies. They will now write their own history, and to that end they are translating all their extant ancient manuscripts. With no intention of deprecating the explorations made by other peoples, they hold only that Brendan's voyage precedes all other recorded voyages and that the story of his discovery as spread over Europe led to the subsequent discoveries.

Along the Merrimac Valley in New Hampshire there are certain solid stone huts which have ever mystified tourists. Recently it was established that these were built by Irishmen, for only in Éire are similar structures found. One may see them to this day near Clonfert Abbey in Galway, a college founded by Brendan. The huts were used by foreign students who came there to study. Whether the New Hampshire relics tie into the exploits of Brendan is not yet clear. But as the spotlight of research turns for the first time on Brendan, we are able to fill in a vast gap in early American history. That is made evident by the scriptal work being done in Dublin, the full results of which will be published eventually under auspices of the Éire Government.

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HOW MURDER, INC. TRAINS KILLERS

By Joseph Freeman

Murder, Inc. has become one of the best known big business enterprises in the country since the District Attorney of Brooklyn startled the nation by the exposure of a crime syndicate which operates major rackets from coast to coast and commits homicide on contract. Two Brooklyn leaders of the syndicate have been sentenced to death; a second murder trial involving other leaders is under way at this writing; a third group has been indicted on capital charges in Los Angeles. Further indictments are inevitable — at least fifty-seven killings have already been traced to the slaughter combine. The phase of the sinister story that has not been sufficiently explored, however, and it is really the most significant, is how the killers got that way, how they got caught up and prospered in the lethal business. This phase may best be delineated in a close-up of two types in the homicidal hierarchy — a "vice president" or big shot of Murder, Inc. at one end, and a lowly trooper or punk at the other. Confessions provide a fairly detailed picture of how the crime cartel, covering forty-eight states, recruits and trains its personnel. The direct quotations from Abe (Kid Twist) Reles, star witness for the prosecution, and Abe (Pretty) Levine have never before been published.

Admissions by these and other members of the trust emphasize that the underworld is a grotesque caricature of the upper world. The racket monopoly is a deliberate imitation of modern trusts, "like the Lehman banks," as one confession put it, "or the airplane industry." It has its division of profits and its division of labor. Some racketeers specialize in gambling, others in prostitution, others in slot machines, still others in killing. Even murder is done by division of labor. Some punks specialize in stealing, driving or disposing of murder cars; others act as fingermen; there are those who wield the deadly icepick or fire the sawed-off shotgun, and those who get rid of the corpse.

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Specialization is accompanied by marked differences in power, income, authority and social prestige within this most unsocial of worlds. At the top are national leaders like Albert Anastasia of Brooklyn, Frank Nitti of Chicago and Dutch Goldberg of California. These direct general policies and garner the bulk of the profits. Below them, like division managers of a great corporation, are the local leaders — men like Abe Reles, Happy Maione and Harry (Pittsburgh Phil) Strauss. These work on salaries running, when business is good, as high as $300 a week. While this type of *Gauleiter* is subject to orders from the top, he rules his own territory with an iron hand.

The detailed admissions of Abe Reles to District Attorney O'Dwyer form a running film of modern organized crime. At thirty-three, Reles is slight, kinky-haired, brown-eyed, with a flat nose, low wrinkled forehead and heavy lips. In his native haunts in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn he is known as a cruel, sadistic slugger. His voice is harsh, ironical. The words come rapidly. The language is clipped, full of that underworld argot in which money is "sugar," confessing is "singing" and a dead body is a "package." Behind this lingo there is often sardonic humor, and always a shrewd, predatory mind with a strange rationale. Reles considers himself and his associates cool, calculating businessmen operating a vast economic enterprise. There is a fantastic touch of the pride of self-made men in his manner.

During the Prohibition era, his rise followed a pattern rendered familiar by Little Caesar and Louis Beretti. Working as an engraver in a print shop convinced Reles he would never "get anywhere" that way. He observed that the wealthiest, most powerful figures in the neighborhood were racketeers — men with big bank rolls, expensive cars and political influence.

"You start stealing," he explained to Prosecutor O'Dwyer, "and you see how it reaches around, and you try to advance yourself. You see the next man in the rackets go higher and higher, and you want to go higher, too. Everybody wants to get ahead in the world. Well, we also want to advance ourselves higher and higher." If you want to get ahead you've got to fight your way up. "There's nobody to help you go ahead," Reles explains. "Nobody approaches you and says, 'Come along with me.' No, you've got to be smart enough to dope the situation out for yourself. You have got to advance yourself, and how you

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make your bed, that's how you lay in it."

By the time Reles was released from a reform school at 16, he and his pals Bugsy Goldstein and Harry Strauss had graduated from stealing fruit on pushcarts, snatching bundles from trucks and extorting five dollar bills from small shopkeepers. Their gang used to invade the Ocean Hill section nearby to fight with fists, clubs and bricks against the gang of Italian youngsters led by Happy and Louis Maione.

As they matured, the boys decided their feud was unprofitable. They made a loose alliance, each mob respecting the other's territory. This was a combine of petty racketeers. The most important sources of illicit income — bootlegging, drug peddling, prostitution, gambling and strikebreaking — were in the hands of the four Amberg brothers (Hymie, Oscar, Joey and Louis); and the three Shapiro brothers (Irving, Meyer and Willie). During Prohibition, these seven big shots forced an established Brownsville brewery to take them in as silent partners. Their thugs, acting as salesmen, used brass knuckles and blackjacks to persuade speakeasy owners that the Amberg-Shapiro beer was the best on the market.

Speakeasies had to be watched against rival beer, so the Amberg-Shapiro outfit hired the Reles-Maione gang as guards. These underworld stormtroopers also guarded beer trucks, kept watch on stills, helped bottle bootleg gin and paste labels on the bottles. The jobs paid little, but they were an important start. In a locale where the Ambergs and Shapiros ran the show, it gave a man great prestige to work for them in any capacity. And such jobs helped the Reles-Maione gang in its own little rackets.

To the speakeasies came the slot machines. In Brooklyn these were owned by a man named Leo Byk, a powerful fellow with influence in the Chamber of Commerce and in politics. Watching nickels and quarters drop into the slot machines, the Reles-Maione boys decided to highjack them. Leo Byk came roaring into Brooklyn. He had a conference with Little Augie Pisano, then boss of all the Brooklyn rackets, and laid the required cash on the line. Little Augie called in the Ambergs and told them to be good, and the Ambergs ordered the boys to lay off the slot machines. The treaties and agreements of gangland are as reliable as Hitler's promises. Byk's arrangements with the Ambergs to protect

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his slot machines did not last long. Reles and Maione were ordered to start highjacking the machines again. They handed them over to the Ambergs, who handed them over to a more powerful group. With no taste for warfare, Byk retreated from the slot machine racket. The Reles-Maione gang rushed in. The boys were really growing up; they were now an integral part of the Amberg mob.

Then began a series of sanguinary underworld executions which led to a redivision of power and profit. Rumor said the Shapiros had dared invade the garment racket dominated by Lepke and Gurrah; therefore Lepke had made a contract with the Ambergs to wipe out the Shapiros. Military operations were delegated to Reles and Maione. One by one the Shapiros were rubbed out. Abe Reles, Frank Abbandando and Harry Strauss were arrested, but released for lack of evidence. Recently, testifying at the first Murder, Inc. trial, Reles admitted taking part in these killings.

When legal liquor came back, flush times ended for the racketeers. Illicit incomes were smaller and more uncertain, competition more deadly. In 1935 the Amberg brothers dared to buck the outfit dominated by Lepke. Their murdered bodies were found in garages and blazing autos. Once more Abe Reles and his partners were arrested; once more they were released.

II

The way to the top was clear now. The Reles-Maione gang took over Brownsville and East New York. Profiting by the sad example of the Shapiros and the Ambergs, they tried not to overreach themselves and not to infringe upon the domain of more powerful organizations. Other racketeers also took the annihilation of the seven crime magnates to heart. A halt was called to bloody, unprofitable feuds. Murder, Inc. was organized.

Starting as street corner loafers and petty thieves, Reles, Maione, Strauss, Bugsy Goldstein, et al., now became local managers of a nation-wide crime syndicate with political connections, successful "businessmen" whose business "happened to be" crime. The phrase is Reles's own. They made big salaries, ate the best of food and rode in flashy cars.

Reles committed robberies at night in a $6000 Cadillac sedan with a liveried chauffeur to open the door for the loot. He began to travel, acting as contact man for

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Murder, Inc. In New York, he relates, this assignment was not easy because you had to know your way around; in Chicago, an open town for racketeers, it was easier; in Los Angeles it was a cinch. There, Reles claims, he worked under police protection. Such experiences increased his self-importance. He knew about Joe Adonis, political boss of Brooklyn's waterfront and big shot in the borough's rackets; he boasted that the governor of a certain state was driving out "unauthorized" racketeers in order to bring in the Combination.

As the gang prospered, Pittsburgh Phil Strauss wore the best suits $60 could buy and fancied himself a Beau Brummel. Once, when he was picked up on a futile murder charge, New York's Police Commissioner Valentine came to look him over in the lineup. Strauss stood against the white wall in a well-fitting Chesterfield, a pearl-gray fedora, a blue shirt with tie to match, a blue striped suit and gleaming black shoes. "Look at him!" the Police Commissioner exclaimed. "He's the best dressed man in the room, and he's never worked a day in his life!"

The affluence of the big shots is a constant source of wonder and excitement to punks in the gang and street corner loafers. Today Frank (the Dasher) Abbandando is facing the electric chair for a Murder, Inc. killing. When he was a boy his great hero was Happy Maione, who will go to the electric chair with him for the same crime. To a reporter of the New York *Post* Frank the Dasher's mother said:

"All the time he talk about making money. He says everybody make money, so he make money too. But he never make money. He only get into trouble, much trouble. I take him to the priest in the Church of Our Lady of Loretta. I make him confess. It does no good. That Maione boy, he is bad boy, but my son think he is great man. He make lots of money. I try to make him go to school, but Frank say what he need go to school for, schools don't teach how to make money. Enrico [Happy Maione], he teach to make money."

Mrs. Abbandando was right; the punk does not make money. He may get $30 a week from some small racket, like peanut machines; he may be told to commit murder for five dollars, a dinner or a cup of coffee. "The punk," Abe Reles has explained, "is subject to call. He is under orders twenty-four

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hours a day. He asks no questions. He does what he is told to do — to break a head, to kill a man or do any other kind of work."

The ranks of Murder, Inc. are continually decimated by killings for "business reasons." For the most part the victims are punks or troopers. These losses are just as continually replaced by new recruits. To District Attorney O'Dwyer this constitutes one of the major problems presented by the crime monopoly he is now breaking. He is convinced that the recruiting ground of criminal gangs is the street corner where slum kids are forced to play, and that the solution of the problem must be sought there.

III

Pretty Levine told the story from the punk's viewpoint, and it illustrates how the future killers are recruited and trained. Pretty is of medium height, with strong shoulders and hands and the wiry torso of a prizefighter. His voice is deep, mellow, without feeling; his large, pale-green eyes are opaque and expressionless. This boy, who has murdered many people with the frigid skill of the professional, appears to have atrophied emotions. Only when you mention his parents does he wince — "Please leave them out of this."

Pretty grew up in the streets of Brownsville, where his parents run a grocery. The neighborhood has some well-to-do stores and small factories, but most of it consists of poverty-stricken tenements. After school-hours, Pretty and his friends used to hang around the corners and candy stores. At ten, they started to bum cigarettes, play dice and slot machines. Pretty says that in grammar school he "got along okay"; in high school, "not so good. That's when I started to get mixed up in these things."

One night, when he was thirteen, some gangsters robbed his father's store. They told Pretty about it next day, but he "had nothing against them"; he didn't want to get his nose knocked in. Several days later the same hoodlums told Pretty they had robbed another store. By these confidences they made him a moral participant in their crimes. Finally they took him into their exploits. "We are going to highjack a slot machine," they said. "You're going to help us and we'll give you half." Pretty helped on the job; afterward he was frightened and ran home; the next day he was arrested and released. He felt himself part of the gang against the community, and

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found life on the street corner more exciting than life in the schoolroom.

Now Pretty and his pal Duke Maffetore began to steal and rob as independent operators. This attracted the attention of the organized gangs which dominated the neighborhood. They asked Pretty and the Duke to do "little favors" for them in return for a pack of cigarettes. The boys did these favors, Pretty explains, because "it was an honor; they were the big shots of the neighborhood; you felt proud when they patted you on the back and said you were a good kid."

At seventeen Pretty was doing favors for the Reles-Maione gang, and with time the favors became more important. Gang leaders observed that Pretty and the Duke were handy with cars — good drivers, quick in the getaway. The boys were assigned to steal autos for projected murders. Then they were taken into the gang; they were permitted to take part in killings and to share in profits.

But first Pretty and the Duke had to submit to mob discipline. They were no longer free to commit any crime whatever on their own initiative. The reason for this rule is simple. If you are assigned to a job and get caught, that is part of the risk involved in the higher strategy; you may be lost, but the gang gains its objective. But if you get caught doing your own work, the mob loses a man without getting anything in return. Reles, in his confession, justified this rule by saying: "We don't want to lose the services of the man."

Pretty was a good trooper and as such was allowed to run some pinball machines. When business was good, he made as much as $30 and even $50 a week. In periods of depression, he had to borrow money. Murder, Inc. runs a loan shark racket for its members as well as for outsiders. This racket is known as "shylocking," and a "shylock" is defined as "a finance company with muscles." When necessary, collections are made with fist, blackjack and rubber hose. The system is also known as "six-for-five." You borrow five dollars and, until you have paid up the principal, you shell out a dollar a week interest. Once Pretty borrowed five dollars from his gang, paid $52 interest and still owed the original five dollars.

As a trooper or punk, Pretty was always on call. He never asked questions, went where he was told to go, killed people he did not know. He has described to District

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Attorney O'Dwyer his share in the Walter Sage murder in upper New York State three years ago. That was in a lonely forest where he plunged an icepick fifty-four times into Sage's back, tied a slot machine to the body and threw it into Swan Lake. Then he went back to Brooklyn with a dollar in his pocket.

From Dead End kids like Pretty Levine and Duke Maffetore, with backgrounds of poverty, malnutrition, illiteracy and dismal surroundings, Murder, Inc. draws its recruits. But not every slum boy becomes a gangster; most of them find a niche in the moral world, and many achieve distinction for services to society. The boy who becomes a member of the crime syndicate must have some special qualities. At least so Abe Reles says.

"You've got to have criminal tendencies in you," Reles insists. The young gangster begins to learn his trade from his first independent activities. Meantime, the big shots of the Combination are watching him. "They are just the same as employers in the shop. They see a man is very good and they give him a good job." Gang leaders may never talk to a prospective recruit until the moment of induction; but, Reles points out, "a man don't have to be on top of you to watch you." It's all up to the punk himself. You can't get into Murder, Inc. just by asking for it, or because you are related to some racketeer. You've got to have "the calibre," Reles says. Then some gang chief, watching your "good work," may say, "I think he's all right," and the kid is in.

About three years ago, Pretty Levine married a nice girl. He decided to quit the gang. For the first time in his existence he tried to work for a living; he even drove an ashcart. Then his wife went to the hospital and gave birth to a baby daughter. Pretty wanted to get them out, but did not have the money. He went to the loan sharks of his gang and borrowed $100 at twenty-five per cent interest. With the loan came the ultimatum that he must return to the gang. Pretty went back to driving murder cars and wielding icepicks. He was back on the route which leads from schoolhouse to street corner, from street corner to stealing, from there to murder. Somewhere in the future hovered the possible fate which threatens every punk: annihilation for getting too soft, knowing too much or wanting to quit.

In January, District Attorney O'Dwyer opened his campaign

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against the rackets. It started with the wholesale arrest of known gangsters on vagrancy charges. Leaders like Happy Maione and Pittsburgh Phil Strauss realized the heat was on; they felt some kind of drastic counter-action was required. They decided to purge their own ranks in order to stiffen discipline, and lit on Pretty Levine and Duke Maffetore as weaklings who must be rubbed out. Pretty's record was bad; he had tried to walk out. And the Duke was his boyhood friend. Dates for their execution were set. Maffetore was to be deleted on February 9, Pretty Levine on March 1. Prosecutor O'Dwyer's order to arrest them saved the lives of these two punks.

Today Pretty, the Duke and Abe Reles are in custody; Happy Maione and Frank Abbandando face the death sentence; Pittsburgh Phil Strauss and Bugsy Goldstein await trial; other leaders of the crime trust are under arrest or are being sought. District Attorney O'Dwyer wants to see Murder, Inc. destroyed and its big shots punished to the full extent of the law. "I have enough evidence," he told me, "to send Lepke to the electric chair." He believes also that his discoveries will eventually have important repercussions in other parts of the country.

At the same time, he is anxious to prevent, as far as possible, a new generation of Dead End kids from entering on a career of crime.

Essay on the British Character

Sir Norman Angell told this story at an Overseas Press Club luncheon:

A British statesman was in conference with a French statesman. The Frenchman, having demonstrated points A and B of his argument, pointed triumphantly at the inevitable conclusion, point C.

"Logic!" the Britisher brushed it aside. "We British don't believe in it. We just muddle through."

"You seem to think," the Frenchman countered, "that British stupidity is a gift of the gods."

"Yes, indeed, a gift of the gods," the other agreed, "but we are careful not to abuse it."

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▶ *Santo Domingo's boss is a nice blend of Hitler and Al Capone.*

TRUJILLO, CARIBBEAN DICTATOR

By Alfred H. Sinks

Nestling comfortably between Cuba and Puerto Rico on the eastern periphery of the Caribbean is the island poetically called Hispaniola. Here Christopher Columbus established the first white man's city in the New World. Here, under the pave of the cathedral of Santo Domingo, the Great Discoverer lies buried, in a dingy leaden casket the exact nature of whose contents has worried generations of scholars and statesmen. In the hands of an enemy power, Hispaniola would become a wedge driven through the exact center of the outer defense line of the Panama Canal. From Hispaniola the enemy could strike out both at our Cuban naval base and at our new army air base in Puerto Rico. The island cuts across the main channel of air and cable communications between North and South America.

Pushed back into the western extremities of the island the 3,000,000 black citizens of the *République d'Haiti* live under the mild dictatorship of Stenio Vincent. Hogging the rest, though with less than half the population of Haiti, the Dominican Republic accounts for two-thirds of the island's area. Here, on the rim of our main line of defense, 1,500,000 people know no other law, no other government than the will of a single man. Here in ten years time Rafael Leonidas Trujillo has built the most thoroughgoing of all current dictatorships. It is an absolute monocracy with no democratic frills. The dark-hued Dominicans have considerably less liberty than Mussolini's or Hitler's subjects; their civil rights are approximately those enjoyed by inmates of a penitentiary under a particularly headstrong and unscrupulous warden.

Those who look for easy answers and convenient labels have called Trujillo's rule fascist or Nazi. It is neither. It would never occur to Trujillo, for instance, to share his power and the emoluments thereof with an élite political party. His system is totalitarianism without benefit of ideology of any kind — roughly a personal racket under

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the guise of government, run on strong-arm principles for what's in it. Like most Latin-American dictatorships, it is strictly a home-grown product, but for a parallel in sheer savagery one would have to go back more than a century to a Mexican Iturbide or a Haitian Christophe. For purposes of western hemisphere politics Trujillo retains the nomenclature of democracy, explaining that his is the *modern* variety. Far from copying Hitler, he has boasted that the Führer imitates *him*. In short, the most totalitarian régime in the world is right next door to the United States.

Trujillo is neither of the Right nor of the Left. His spectacular rise springs from no special program or theory of government. The story of Santo Domingo's transformation is the story of a single individual who "moved in" and stayed in. Trujillo simply got the breaks and used them, pushing personal power to the outermost limits of his pint-sized state. A light-colored mulatto, middle-aged, of medium build, he rules under the simple title "Benefactor of the Fatherland," and the quaint motto "God and Trujillo." He is answerable to no one except God. Nothing short of revolution can challenge his authority and all chance of that had been eliminated even before he grabbed control. The United States Marines ended their occupation of the republic in 1924. They left the Dominicans completely disarmed except for the small Dominican army, which gave the native military a free hand. The stability of Trujillo's régime rests primarily on that fact. Revolution is out.

The small hill town of San Cristobal does not even appear on a great many maps, yet old neighbors remember the elder Trujillo and his ten mulatto sons as members of the notorious Pepito Gang. Little moral supervision was to be expected from the father. When he was not locked up in the town's *calabozo* he joined his sons in raids on neighboring herds and granaries. The boys were frequently in trouble with the law and they got no schooling to speak of. In 1911, having shifted his operations to the city, the future dictator spent six months in jail for forgery. Soon thereafter he was working for one of the utility companies when a shortage was discovered in the company's funds. Rafael chose the same moment to fade from sight and for a time Santo Domingo saw him no more. He next appeared as an armed guard on a sugar plantation. Finally he launched on his

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career as a public servant by joining the National Guard.

The Guard was a native constabulary under the supervision of United States Marines. Enemies declare that abuse of his authority came near to cutting his military career very short but that he managed to stay in the service through the protection of a Marine officer for whom he used to perform services of a peculiar and personal kind. He did not need to read revolutionary theorists to learn to scorn "bourgeois morality." Nihilism, "realism," and what have you were the free gifts of his environment.

II

The island resented the Marines. To many Dominicans they were the "Yankee invaders." Injured national pride spun endless plots against the military occupation. Harassed American officers found it hard to cope with seething discontent in a country that lent itself naturally to guerrilla tactics. It was the job of such as Trujillo to smell out the fever spots of incipient revolt and to stamp them out. Native officers were not precisely superpatriotic. Intrigue was their traditional birthright. They had developed that special mentality described locally as "colonialist," the point of view of the mercenary soldier. Loyalties didn't attach themselves to abstract ideals but to some *caudillo* or political boss. That way lay the road to advancement and fat bribes.

Like other dictators, Trujillo rose from the ranks. His promotion was rapid. If the pace was stepped up by blackmail and betrayal of superiors, his methods were scarcely of his own invention. Perhaps he was merely bolder and more effective than his comrades-in-arms. In any event, his morals were streamlined, like the "democracy" he was later to establish. He began to weld a closely knit political gang among his fellow-officers, who, drawn for the most part from the ruling caste, were not as tough-minded as Trujillo.

Horacio Vásquez, a liberal, became President in 1924. The fact that the year of his election marked the end of the military occupation made him doubly popular. In 1928 he was reëlected without serious opposition. Vásquez planned great things for the little republic: new highways, bridges, irrigation projects, public buildings. He bought large quantities of structural steel and concrete. But the republic owed a large sum to American bondholders. The annual debt pay-

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ments made a big dent in the budget. Also it was found that a serious situation was developing in the internal finances of the government. So the public works program had to wait. Soon after the marines left, Trujillo went to work on the President. He "discovered" a letter that proved General Buenaventura Cabral was plotting against the régime. Trujillo persuaded Vásquez to fire Cabral and make him head of the army.

Money troubles threatened the little republic with ruin. An American commission headed by Charles G. Dawes put its finger on the cause: the army. Circumstantial evidence pointed to graft on an unprecedented scale. But nothing could be proved. Army officers who had agreed to testify before the commission vanished on sudden "vacations" and could not be found. In 1930 a rumor spread that Vásquez was dying. To General Trujillo it was a call to action. There was a lightning *coup d'état.* The army gang named a provisional president. Orthodox politicians shrugged away their annoyance. It did not matter much about the provisional presidency. The election would be different.

It *was* different. Trujillo was a candidate. The fact that both political parties were on the other side did not bother him. He had the army. More important, he had a gang of ruthless terrorists that rapidly became famous as "*La 42.*" Since only the army had guns, it was not hard to guess the real identity of the gentlemen who dashed about the country in fast motor cars, breaking up meetings with bursts of machinegun fire, smashing headquarters and invading homes. To make a speech for anyone but Trujillo was tantamount to suicide. It was almost as dangerous to listen to one. When Trujillo had counted the ballots, he announced an overwhelming majority for himself.

The opposition — such as survived — clung to a curious, old-fashioned faith in due process of law. They took the matter of the election to the courts. The District Court of Seybo upheld their claim that the election had been illegal and the victory of Trujillo fraudulent. The Supreme Court upheld the decision of the District Court. But there was nothing to uphold the justices of the Supreme Court when "*La 42*" swarmed into the courtroom and ordered them to resign. They fled for their lives. Henceforth there was to be no due process of law except the Benefactor's wish, and no appeal from his decision. The light-hearted, cof-

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fee-colored bandit from the hill country had made good.

The Dominicans are not a submissive people. They did not learn readily the rules of the new game. Trujillo countered opposition simply and directly with a campaign of systematic extermination that must have struck down thousands. Other thousands fled into exile. Today there are substantial colonies of Dominican refugees in San Juan, Caracas, Havana, Mexico City, and New York. Many more went through a course of *Gleichschaltung* in Trujillo's prisons. A good many died there; others finally emerged to take up their old tasks and to adjust themselves to the new order. These have only fair words for their Benefactor, and keep their thoughts to themselves.

But those who managed to make their way abroad after their release tell of inhuman tortures and horrifying conditions in the festering medieval dungeons of Nigua and Ozama. Occasionally the terror follows the refugees into exile. Murder of a prominent refugee in New York in 1936 was linked by police to a member of Trujillo's family. As in every régime based on murder, assassination remains the common catalytic of the Dominican social organization today.

Murder has been the reliable home remedy for any number of problems. Trujillo's dictatorship carries with it its own peculiar "race theory." The concept dates back 150 years to the struggles for domination between the mulattos and the blacks. Many Dominicans would like to keep the national complexion a satisfactory tint of *café au lait* by barring further immigration by blacks and encouraging immigration by whites. Black Haitian field workers come into the Dominican Republic each season to harvest the cane on the big foreign-owned sugar plantations. The number entering is carefully controlled.

To make sure that the field hands returned home after the harvest Trujillo levied a stiff head tax on them. When they neither paid nor moved, the authorities simply herded them into concentration camps and slaughtered them *en masse*. The culmination of this campaign came in 1937, with the mass murder of more than 12,000 Haitians living near the border. All formalities were dispensed with, including the concentration camps. Wearing civilian clothes, Trujillo's soldiers simply went out and did the job, shooting some of their victims and carving others to pieces with machetes.

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III

Trujillo's new order can be summed up in a single word: *grab!* Its beneficiaries are the dictator himself and the members of his large family. Penniless a few years ago, today the Trujillos either own or have given away everything worth owning in the republic except, of course, the foreign-owned sugar plantations. The process by which this has been accomplished is simplicity itself. It is also, according to the dictator's peculiar lights, strictly "legal." Suspected political opponents, whether killed, imprisoned, or banished, automatically lose their property rights. An official decree then declares that title to the expropriated property has been transferred to one of the Trujillos, and Congress hastens to ratify the decree. Trujillo is the only modern dictator who has literally turned a sovereign state into a private racket. The boys who rode with the Pepito Gang today are ambassadors, generals, ministers of state. For the head of the family are reserved a string of titles that would have fascinated Gilbert and Sullivan, and a collection of gawdy uniforms that would be the envy of Goering.

The city which Columbus called Santo Domingo has now become Trujillo City and a bright electric sign on one of its tallest buildings flashes out the motto: "God and Trujillo!" The public works program had stumped liberal Vásquez. To Trujillo it was simple. He just forced the free farmers of the republic to work without pay, for the necessary number of days each month, on roads, bridges, irrigation projects, harbor improvement, parks. Now dozens of public buildings and other public works bear the names of the dictator or members of his family. There is a new Province of Trujillo. The town of Santiago de los Caballeros has a "Trujillo" suburb and four different streets bearing the family name. Mt. Pelona, tallest peak in the Antilles, is known as "Mount President Trujillo."

Among the newspapers of the republic there is no competition except in the use of luscious adjectives to describe the Benefactor. But when the old *clichés* grew tiresome a few months ago Trujillo called in a New York newspaperman and from his famous black leather wallet peeled off enough thousand dollar notes to start a new newspaper, bigger and better, with the biggest headline type available, and bigger and better adjectives. Regular steamer service connects Trujillo City with New

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York but last summer, when policy dictated that the Benefactor make a trip to Washington to pay reverence to the symbols of democracy, the journey had to wait until a suitable yacht was purchased. At last one was found. It cost $250,000.

Of course, this rags-to-riches saga has not been written by the dusky hill boy without expert help. The American government has been the best of Good Neighbors to him. In 1934 his administration might easily have been wrecked by his failure to meet interest and sinking fund payments on the foreign debt. The matter was adjusted with the American bondholders by Joseph E. Davies, sometime U. S. Ambassador to Belgium and to the Soviet Union. In 1937, when the outside world learned — by merest accident — of the massacre of 12,000 Haitians, the Benefactor faced another crisis. On that occasion it was Donald Richberg, former head of NIRA, who helped adjust the matter with the government of Stenio Vincent. Richberg and Davies are law partners. Circumstances suggest that the big American-owned sugar companies in the northern part of the republic have been well satisfied with Trujillo. Traditionally American capital interests in Latin America have favored government by "strong men." In the case of Trujillo there has been a minimum of interference from Washington, even when American citizens were murdered. Negative intervention in Latin American affairs is sometimes as disastrous as any other kind.

The recent history of Trujilloland has been marked by a series of contradictions that have confounded the easy-answer analysts. When civil war broke out in Spain, Trujillo's Madrid embassy became headquarters for Franco's fifth column. Yet at the end of the war the dictator donated a small sum to the relief of Spanish refugees, and about 1500 Loyalist survivors were invited to settle in the republic. German propaganda has flourished in the Dominican Republic. Dominican school children have been put in uniform, taught to drill and give the Nazi salute. Last winter the New York *Times* reported that a French destroyer had surprised a Dominican coast guard boat in the act of refueling a Nazi submarine. Report has linked Trujillo's name with Hitler's time and again. *El Mundo*, the conservative Puerto Rico daily, has just conducted an investigation of German activities in the republic. It charges that Dominica is now a center of Nazi fifth col-

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umn intrigue in the Caribbean.

The opportunities to make a living are of course strictly limited so long as the republic remains the most corporative of corporate states, with the Trujillo family controlling 100 per cent of the stock in the corporation. More than one business rival has been suspected of "plotting against the *régime*," thrown into prison, and taken over lock, stock and barrel.

The danger in such governments is manifest. They are far more susceptible to intrigue than a genuinely fascist government would be. If fifth column intriguers can not bring Trujillo into camp through flattery and fat promises, they have an easy alternative. To start a revolution against him they would need only to smuggle a shipload of arms into the country. The Dominicans are far too concerned about their own welfare to worry much about the fate of an outside world they hardly know. And they would doubtless be very generous in rewarding anyone who would give them guns. The day probably is not far off when, to guard against an explosion on our doorstep, the United States may once more consider the question of landing Marines on Dominican soil.

EQUAL TO THE ROCK

By Charles Edward Eaton

This hard loveliness that I find in stone,
This lasting rapture in the fertile land,
Remind me keenly I am flesh and bone,
Pliant torso, strung muscle, head and hand,
Too loosely bound together for the end
Of loving the strong beauty of the world.
The hills have strength no turning wind can bend,
The eagle merciless with joy is hurled
Into close embrace with the storm-torn sky.
So I would find some force within my blood
Equal to the rock, and before I die
Chain my spirit against time's plunging flood,
And take its furious fall upon my head
Till strength is battered down and I am dead.

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THE JUKES TAKE OVER SWING

By Barry Ulanov

You may not know offhand what a Juke is, but you've listened or danced to one hundreds of times. In roadside lunch-rooms, city bars, dance dives, everywhere. You may never have heard the gaudy slot-coin phonograph machine, grinding out canned cacophony at a nickel per record, called by name. But in the last two years the Jukes have spun their way clamorously into a multimillion dollar industry. Already about 350,000 Juke-boxes are scattered through the United States, and more are being installed every day. Together they chew up 44 per cent of the American production of popular records, and nothing speeds a performer to national fame so swiftly as the Juke or Electrical Phonograph Record coin machine. The big bands that have come up in the world in the last twenty months owe their triumph primarily to these nickel-oiled behemoths squatting in candy-stores and lodge rooms, in humble diners and swank play-rooms from Augusta to Albuquerque, from Seattle to Saskatchewan. The Juke is all-American, as star-spangled as the flag, as native as the hot-dog. Manufactured by seven leading firms, the huge and garish purveyors of variegated rhythm dominate the popular music scene. The combined grosses of the industry from manufacturer to wholesaler to small-time renter are expected to go above $150,000,000 this year.

There's no telling just when or what started the coin machine craze, except the mad success of phonograph records themselves. Ever since Ed Farley and Mike Riley pushed the little valve down and apprised us that *The Music Goes Round and Round* during the bleak Christmas of 1935, the shiny black discs have enjoyed a vogue that grows with every year. In 1926 phonograph records had hit an all-time high. Americans gobbled up 100,000,000 of them and things looked rosy for the industry. Then the maturing of radio tore the market to shreds, until by 1932–33 it looked as if its final collapse were imminent. Sales were down to

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10,000,000. The record companies changed hands and their financial structures were reduced to shambles. But the Jukes came to the rescue, capping the first years of Swing. The coin customers boosted sales to 60,000,000 last year and new highs are in sight.

In the Spring of 1936, Benny Goodman strode to success via appearances in Los Angeles, Chicago and New York and innumerable barns, ballrooms and public parks in between. Benny was the first hot musician to wear the legendary mantle conferred by press agents and jitterbugs, King of Swing. With his clarinet-scepter, Benny took a healthy slice at the records for disc sales that Enrico Caruso and countless divas of the pre-Swing era had made. But it was not until the Summer of 1939 that all records were toppled by a phenomenal best-seller, last and most potent export from doomed Czechoslovakia, the *Beer Barrel Polka*. Between Benny and the *Polka*, Hot Jazz arose from its ashes, and the phonograph business took new air into its lungs. Sedate society and Hollywood's salons perked an ear to a new entertainment medium, and the country rocked to the strains of its exuberant new music, sprung from the hinterlands and hollows of America.

Historians of folklore will tell you that New Orleans and Storyville in Louisiana cradled the Jass that later became Jazz and then Swing. They will tell you that it was the music of the bands that marched New Orleans' streets at Mystic Knights of the Sea celebrations and Wakes. And they will tell you fables of the giants who blew their horns and beat their brains to the infectious rhythms of ragtime and the blues, up and down the Mississippi, lending a touch of glamor to the filthy showboat relics they worked. All of which is true, but only half the story. For New Orleans and Storyville, the showboats, and their terminus, Chicago, sheltered only the beginnings of this Jazz that became Swing. What finally gave America the music to which it hops and writhes today is the Juke. The Swing we know is not the simple result of an evolution that began in the bayous and adolesced in the ginmills of Chicago's South Side and New York's Harlem. It is a monster, part intellectual and part idiot, fattened by the men who run the industry of the Jukes.

II

When account is finally taken of America's popular music, it will

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divide itself into two distinct categories. One is misnamed *Sweet*, and means popular music, made unmusical by a nagging reliance upon a trick stylization such as tenor saxophones purposely harmonized out of tune, or trombones distorted by glissandi (in effect, high-pitched wailings) unnatural to the instrument or the human ear, or new instruments which can swell the musical phrase beyond its ordinary limits, such as the Novachord or electric organ. The other is called *Hot* and that is the music you should heed. But Hot is something of a misnomer, too. It implies blatancy and stimulation and those things are only a small part of Hot Jazz. Hot may be loud and may act as an aphrodisiac, but its distinctions are chiefly musical. It consists, for the most part, of controlled improvisation, calling for enormous technique on the part of its performers, and may be quiet and restrained as well as loud and exciting.

After its New Orleans beginnings, Hot Jazz stepped smartly and logically to Chicago and Harlem, where it was bred in the back rooms of prohibition's speakeasies, in the ante-rooms of a flock of bordellos, in arrant imitation of its red-lit past in Memphis, St. Louis and the rest of the South. When you hear the Blues, sung in tearful remembrance of Beale Street in Memphis and Basin Street in New Orleans, you are listening to a tender and a heart-breaking nostalgia for the houses and the women that set those streets apart and lent them their allure.

Well, we have taken Hot Jazz along until the depression that darkened the thirties. Then it did a disappearing act, along with vaudeville and fat bank accounts and real estate booms. In its place came the music misleadingly called Sweet, the lucrative fare of the Guy Lombardos and their imitators, who mastered the intricacies of playing out of tune and subduing rhythm to the suggestive rumble of a drummer three beats behind the rest of the band. This music that the Lombardos dubbed the *Sweetest This Side of Heaven*, if it was anyone's brain child, should be credited to those wide-awake genii who top the businesses of sheet-publishing of popular tunes and phonograph records and the radio. They determined that America should be lulled to a saccharine sleep in the evening, and their uneven product captured the country. It took the hysteria of *The Music Goes Round* and incessant dunkings in such sizzling inanities as *The Flat Foot Floogie* and *Hold*

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Tight (Want some sea food, Mama) and *Well All Right* (Here comes Joe from a vaudeville show) to once more spell our popular music H-O-T.

This time it looked like the real thing. Duke Ellington proclaimed, just before the new hot era, that *It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing* and soon after, but still before the epoch officially opened, Louis Armstrong counselled a recording band, *Swing You Cats*. Thus, two of the titans of the art were speaking its name before it was born. And then Swing!

Up till the advent of the Juke, it was Benny Goodman's field all the way. The Chicago tailor's son gripped a nation in the fever of a music, self-titled *killer-diller*, which he himself half-despised. Each night and early morning saw new heights of frenetic drumming drive musicians closer to collective madness which the nation's preachers hoped would permanently close its books. As with all such crazes, this phase of the Swing hysteria had to come to an end.

Three years ago, wily bookers and ballroom owners sighted that end and prepared the campaign that was to give gold to the mewling brass glissandi of Kay Kyser and Sammy Kaye and their many imitators. The hell-fired hot music of Benny Goodman and friends began to lose favor with the public. Came in its stead a rather sickly mongrel, cross between legitimate Hot Jazz and the newer Sweet music. This was the music that slung Glenn Miller across the nation, brought him from the obscurity of a touring band on the Shribman circuit in New England to top the country's purveyors of popular music, plus a cigarette radio commercial and other contracts that will gross young Mr. Miller about $500,000 this year.

A word about this Shribman circuit. It covers a slice of territory corresponding roughly to the New England states. Yankees therein have cheered and jittered and danced to national acclaim, in rapid succession, two front-line bands, those of Artie Shaw and Glenn Miller. Shaw was also a product of the compromise era, playing Hot in careful alternation with bedraggled Sweet. His future was assured, until a quirk uncovered by a psychoanalyst set Artie thinking too hard, and the talented clarinetist gave up the big dough to be alone in Mexico. Soon after, Miller snared the top position Shaw had vacated. Credit at least part of their huge successes to the man to whom I have dedicated this paragraph, the shrewd Shribman.

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III

But credit even more — the Juke boxes! They carried Artie Shaw's deftly swung version of Cole Porter's *Begin the Beguine* to new highs in record popularity, then turned around and did the same for a series of Glenn Miller records, *Moonlight Serenade* and *Sunrise Serenade*, *The Lamp Is Low*, *In the Mood*, *Tuxedo Junction*, *Stardust*. Glenn merely waxes a tune, without any particularly distinctive arrangement, tricky vocal or distinguished solo, and the record hits an automatic sale of 100,000 copies, just servicing the Jukes!

The Jukes, you see, not only account for nearly half the direct sales of phonograph records, but act as a powerful impetus toward the sale of at least another 25 per cent.

So obviously these boxes wield the Big Stick in popular music, the Biggest Big Stick ever. The Jukes point the way to the future of Jazz in America. The success of Miller, and Shaw and Tommy Dorsey before him, in effecting the great compromise which tore the guts from Hot music and gave some shadow of a skeleton to Sweet, indicates where we may find the styles to come in popular music. These styles will be highly orchestrated, will run more and more to sentimental songs in the mediocre manner of recent European importations, such as *The Woodpecker Song* and *When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano*. There will be Hot interludes. We need not weep for Benny Goodman or any of his white confreres, though it seems certain that the already precarious lot of the Negro bandsman will grow worse. You can't kill the tumultuous creative spirit of this people, most stridently expressed in Hot Jazz, but it is being relegated to a lesser place in the commerce of music, so that even the great men of that music, Duke Ellington, Coleman Hawkins, and a few others, must scuffle for a living.

Owners and renters of the Juke boxes look forward expectantly each week to the pulp pages of *The Billboard* and other trade gazettes to see what's what in their business, to note what new records are "going strong," "coming up" or are "possibilities." Between pages devoted to pin-ball and slot machines and the doings of pitchmen and carnivals nestles the buying guide that contributes most significantly to the popular musical taste of America. *Billboard* prognostications can hardly help being right, because the Juke owners buy what

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it recommends. And when records are dinned into the ears of young and old as consistently as the Jukes perform that function, it is impossible to forget the tunes or lose the simple melodies. Recall that vicious circle, the next time you find yourself going batty with love or hate of a popular song such as *The Three Little Fishies* or *Boo Hoo.*

New powerful factors are entering the field of the Jukes (which, though it might seem fitting, are not named after the moronic family dear to eugenists). There is Phonovision or Talkovision — a slick combination of the standard Juke box and miniature movies. In preparation for the onslaught the Phonovision Corporation of America has hired a large staff, appointed a former producer of movie shorts to supervise its three-minute productions, and begun the manufacture of Jukes that can be seen as well as heard. There are also the beginnings of a system of Juke machines wired to a central studio and supplying a nickel's worth of Hot or Sweet or things between by Telephone control; this system will give the writhing customers a choice from thousands of recordings instead of a measly dozen or two.

The changes are all in the direction of making the Juke more potent in fixing the popular music tastes of America and stimulating its appetite for recordings. Certain it is that greater mechanization is in store for our music: gears and sprockets will displace musicians and originality will make way for the standardized output necessary to feed the market created by the proliferating Jukes. For good or ill, the Jukes have taken over Swing and will twist it to their own profit.

INSPIRATION

Like fat, tame carp at Chantilly
Our thoughts aswimming go,
To gather in with greedy mouths
What laughing gods may throw.

— Ernestine E. Mercer

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▶ *An American of mixed Mayflower and Jewish descent learns a lot about race hatreds.*

A HALF-JEW SPEAKS

ANONYMOUS

My brother, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with a lean Yankee-cut face, combines a taste for the great out-of-doors with a taste for Plato and neatly dovetails these predilections by teaching the classics in a small New England university town. He has three tow-headed kids with pale blue eyes and the kind of skin it makes you smart to look at throughout the sunburn season. The name might be Olsen — but it isn't. People who see them first and catch the name afterwards are usually pretty baffled. Sometimes they take this curious situation in their stride. Sometimes it bowls them over — as when my brother followed the distant footsteps of his grandfather into a swank small Eastern college. Having been charged with a message for the college president, he seized the first opportunity to deliver it, at the freshman reception with faculty members balancing teacups all around.

"My grandfather said it might interest you, sir, that your father and he were intimate friends."

The president beamed graciously:

"Indeed it does. And what is your name, young man?"

"Blumenberg," said my brother, and still describes with chuckles the way the president's face froze at those jarring syllables.

Our family are used to that kind of thing. We think it's funny. Which is why my brother was in no hurry to explain that the grandfather in question was not Isaac Blumenberg, the 1848 German-Jewish émigré who settled in Ohio, but our maternal grandfather, a Presbyterian minister with an impeccable early-American pedigree. My brother himself is married to a thorough-going daughter of the Old South and when his son grows up, tall and Nordic-looking, as he can't help being, but still one-quarter Jewish and named Blumenberg, this business is going to get funnier. When the Jewish blood in the male Blumenberg line gets so fractional that the services of an expert accountant will be required to nail it down, it's going to be positively hilarious.

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Because the American Nuremberg laws operate to a large extent on name only. A perfectly presentable Semi-Semite — my brother's home-made term for us — who doesn't either shave blue or talk a syllable of Milt Gross can't get to first base wiring a reservation to a smart New Hampshire resort-hotel if his name is Breckinridge Feinberg. But, if the racial fault was Mama's, so that the name is Feinberg Breckinridge, the lamp will be in the lobby window and the porter right on time for the baggage. Hitler's resident ideologist, Alfred Rosenberg, blatant Aryan that he is, would be sure to fall foul of hotel-register trouble in this country. But the same hotel that makes it a rule to turn down guests with such names as Albert Einstein, might easily have found itself renting a room with bath to one John Dillinger. There is the classic tale of George M. Cohan, son of Erin, being mistaken for a son of Aaron by a hotel management, and wiring them: "We are both wrong. You thought I was a Jew, and I thought you were gentlemen."

This somewhat weird criterion prevents the amateur race-sleuth from labelling as Jewish such illustrious Semis or Hemi-Semis as Montaigne, Marcel Proust or Bret Harte. Unless his features are violently Semitic or he tries to run for an office important enough for his pedigree to get pried into, Feinberg Breckinridge may pasture undisturbed in Gentile clover.

A very sloppy system, gravely reflecting on the thoroughness of proprietors of the New Jersey lake-communities or the Western dude-ranches which proclaim themselves "carefully restricted" and yet are at any moment likely to be trapped by the innocent name of Smith into entertaining a polluted bloodstream unaware. There is said to be a bureau in New York City which does a certain amount of discreet genealogical research for such clubs and hotels as are willing to pay fancy prices for this particular kind of social insurance. But this is the sophisticated metropolitan touch. Simpler folk have to take their chances, with names and noses as their only guide.

When Hitler, on the other hand, decided to protect his 65,000,000 Germans against the encroachments of 500,000 Jews, he went about it in the truly methodical German style which he, as an Austrian, so appreciates. The thing is worked out to a gnat's heel with no margin for error: Three Jewish grandparents make you hopelessly a Jew. One or two docket you as a

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"non-Aryan," under various restrictions but still a citizen of the Reich, eligible for military service and not subject to all Nazi refinements reserved for total Jews. In Italy, where anti-Semitism is an imported growth, never properly acclimatized, grandparents are left out of the picture. If either parent is Aryan, progeny is regarded as Aryan too. With the high rate of intermarriage long prevalent between Italian Jews and Italian Christians and the numerous other exceptions made among full Jews, an embarrassingly small number of people were affected by the new laws. The mayor of a town in Sicily is said to have wired Rome: "Please ship us down a consignment of Jews immediately so that we may begin the persecution."

II

A couple of such European examples should help to regularize the situation here in America. As it is we American Semis never know quite where we stand. Now one, now the other half of our 50 percentishness can be and is emphasized at will by whom it may concern. Some of my non-religious Jewish friends, for instance, are willing to consider me a Jewess, although their orthodox grandparents had the expressive habit of reading the burial service over any intermarrying child of theirs. Similarly, some of my Gentile friends charitably regard me as solely the offspring of my Gentile mother — for their purposes I am a kind of fatherless frog. When I married a Gentile, one of them said how splendid to see me marrying into "my own kind." Since she is a very nice lady, I did not answer that I had never had any serious intention of marrying into the zoo. At the same time, of course, my husband's relatives did some apprehensive wondering how he was going to make out amid the alien corn. It doesn't seem to have bothered him one way or the other.

The question of his inheritance in Israel is, of course, forever flying in the Semi's face when he is looking for a job, planning a vacation, choosing a private school for his young. With most non-Nazi anthropologists agreed that there is no such scientific entity as a "Jewish race," and with the Jewish religion just a hazy tradition to the bulk of us, we are sometimes hard put to answer intelligently those not-very-subtly-worded little jokers about religion? nationality? Having acquired a good Gentile name by marriage, I nevertheless once admitted a Jewish father in

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the kind of New York employment agency which specializes in Protestant Gentiles. The lady in charge was embarrassed and a shade resentful: "Why on earth bring that up when you don't need to?" But I often prefer to let chromosome-hunters know just what they're getting into in my case.

Abie and his Irish Rose captured the imagination of the American people on a really colossal scale. But nobody seems to have pursued the sequel of what became of Abie's children. The New York public library, with its thousands of index-cards on every single aspect of Jewish history, religion, race, morals, etc., houses a mere handful of slim notes about the only-slightly-Jewish; and practically all of these are concerned with the religious clashes involved. Once I tried to answer a questionnaire composed by a serious-minded graduate student (a Semi, I suppose, or the project would never have occurred to him) in which he essayed to study the "psychological aspects" of the 50 percenter's situation. But I found it pretty hard to stick to his last. The questions were too rigid and the premises they were based on usually far from my own activities.

In the South, where a batch of aristocratic and tough-minded Spanish Jews have been mingling with other settlers since the earliest Colonial days, and in the Middle West, where the forty-eighters scattered far and wide to run the local clothing store in Podunk or Hopkins Corners, there must be thousands like us. My maiden name sounds piquantly like Priscilla Alden Blumenberg, for the excellent reason that one of my mother's direct ancestors was a very prominent citizen of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The resulting series of irreproachable maternal ancestors makes me theoretically eligible for the Colonial Dames — many cuts above the mere Revolutionary soldier required for DAR membership. My father's father had dug himself so thoroughly into his particular little town that every shop in the place was shut in honor of his funeral and the local high school still bears the somewhat exotic family name. When my father grew up to be an extremely successful professional man, rock-ribbed Republican in politics, typically middle-western in attitudes, attending any church where he thought the preaching might be good, and married the daughter of the gentle-spoken minister and his New England wife, he had about as much thought of "intermarrying" as a Wisconsin

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man would of "intermarrying" with a Massachusetts girl, or a Baptist with a Methodist. The old Quaker lady who accosted one of the first of the forty-eighters got the idea rapidly: "Is thee a Jew?" she asked him, "Thee is one of God's chosen people. Will thee let me examine thee?" Then, having turned him round and round, she said with some disappointment: "Why, thee is no different to other people!"

With our inherited portions in both Christendom and Israel — whatever these portions may be — we Semis are probably in a better strategic position than full Jew or full Gentile to digest the nonsensical character of the age-old tragicomedy which has been played out between the two. The prophet Ezra exhorting the ancient Jews to put away their Gentile wives looks to the bilious Semi-Semite eye remarkably like the prophet Hitler exhorting the German Aryan to keep himself racially pure. The theory that the Jews are a gifted race, congenitally fitted for the fields of law, medicine and finance, makes no more — and no less — sense than the theory that they are a dishonest, mercenary, self-seeking race. We are cool-headed enough to remember that the impassioned Jewish orator attempting to rally every drop of Jewish blood under the slogan of "world Jewry," is trying to reconcile the vivid differences among and clashing interests of a wealthy, conservative American-Jewish judge, an atheistic Jewish Red in Union Square, a devoutly Orthodox Galician Jew in skull cap and curls, a titled, Church of England Jew in Dorset, a belligerent nomadic Jewish guerrilla in the Caucasus. In our own persons we know that our Jewish left hand is extraordinarily like our Gentile right hand and that the question of what kind of human being a person is cannot be solved in terms of pigmentation or nasal structure.

Knowing you're a mongrel, instead of imagining you aren't, scratches you at the starting line from participation in some of the less fraternal ways of making oneself ridiculous. We Semis could never, for instance, father an impulse to massacre any of our fellowmen, as Anatole France says human beings are prone to, for "one degree more or less in their cephalic index," our own cephalic indexes being so anomalous. It might not be half so sanctimonious as it sounds were we Semis to offer as our contribution to the achievement of the millennium the devout hope that our tribe may increase.

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RAPHAEL'S APPLES

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

There were just two trees of them,
These apples on the woods' dark hem
Whose golden globes lit up the Fall,
Three bushel baskets held them all.
Yet they were what kept Raphael Snow
From a dark way some men go.

Raphael had no wife nor kin,
The little cabin he lived in
Had only one door and four panes,
He lived too close to winds and rains.
But there were always those two trees
With blossoms, apples, or tame bees.

The trees were sown there by the cows,
It may be they had sprung from boughs
Of wild trees the Indians grew,
But they bound Raphael to a few
Men and women. Folks would stop,
"How's it coming, this year's crop?"

And Rafe would count up every green
Hope of an apple that might mean
He was something in folks' sight,
Before the stars came out each night.
Even the slenderest human link
May be stronger than men think.

Who knows but from those small tame
Trees of him who wore the name
An old Archangel wore, there rose
A light some nights that could disclose
A secret and an ancient face
Bending in love above our race?

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DEATH IN HARLEM

A Story

By Louis Paul

Minnie Walters saw blue. Doggone you, Goliath, she thought. They were sitting cross-legged on the burlap rug in Big William's furnished room, playing casino. Goliath slipped a black ten from the bottom of the pack and swept in Big Casino, then laughed *yah yah yah!* fit to make a fool of himself. Minnie saw blue. Cheating in a friendly two-handed game of casino was only another example of Goliath's no-goodness. Never was no good, never would be. Listen to him. *Yah yah yah!* Minnie reached down into her sweater pocket and drew out the sturdy penknife she always carried with her, pressed the button which sprung the large blade. Goliath, through his half-drunken merriment, heard the telltale click too late. Minnie stabbed him in the chest twice, then once in the belly for good measure. She threw the knife down beside the supine Goliath. There was still a smirk on his loose-lipped mouth. Minnie walked out of the furnished room and into the hall, laughing.

Miss Lulu Fisher, who was sitting on the couch opposite the open door of Mr. Kift's furnished room, concentrated upon trying to repair a run in her stocking, looked up. "Whut goin' awn, Sister?" she inquired, in her voice a note of disapproval for all this unwarranted levity. "Whut the hell goin' awn 'twixt you an' Goliath, Girlie?"

Minnie burst into gales of laughter. When at last she could talk coherently she said, chuckling gaily, "I done kilt Big William deader'n a cockaroach. Gawd A'mighty he look funny layin' there. *Yah yah yah!*" And she flounced down the rickety flight of stairs and into the spring twilight of Harlem's crowded outdoors.

Later two black cops, their blue uniforms faultlessly pressed, their silver badges shining, their hip pockets bulging with short, loaded nightsticks, pushed open the door of Minnie's room without knocking, discovering the buxom Negro

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girl, fully clothed, lying in the white iron bed sleeping heavily, a beatific smile upon her smooth, shiny features. The first of the colored policemen shook her gently.

"Minnie. Hey, come on. Wake up."

"Uh?" She opened her eyes sleepily.

"They told us you went and killed Big William, Minnie."

Minnie laughed, sitting up and rubbing her face. "Sho nuff?" It all came back to her. "Doggone me ifn I didn't kilt Goliath." She threw her head back. "*Yah yah yah!*"

"Don't say nothing, Minnie, unless you want to get yourself incriminated," warned the other officer mildly.

She continued to laugh. "After I stab that no-good overgrown nigger a couple o' times," she observed merrily, "I guess they ain't gonna fry me fo' jes' sayin' words."

Big William had been a hero. Perhaps if the huge fellow had employed his heroic talents in an amateur way out of working hours, he might have avoided the futile and sordid ending which fate held in store for him. No. As soon as he became aware of his potentialities for heroism he abandoned all efforts to work as other men, hiring himself professionally to those in need of a champion. On his way from South Carolina to Harlem he enjoyed a short hiatus in Pennsylvania as a policeman, where certain of his epic qualities came to flower. In defense of law and order he raided dens of vice singlehanded, crushed skulls of major and minor offenders indiscriminately, reduced his bailiwick on the other side of the tracks to a tameness which infuriated the town's politicians, whose largest source of income depended upon continuing its vice and crime *in statu quo*. They discharged the overzealous crusader.

It was only now that Big William became a professional hero. Disillusioned, convinced that the world was uninterested in having its virtue maintained, he decided to sell his brawn to the highest bidder. By a kind of natural magnetism he was inevitably drawn to Harlem. In communities where much jockeying internally for position and prestige goes on, it is very convenient to command for a nominal fee the services of a stout and imprudent hero who can be depended upon unfailingly to knock the block off an enemy regardless of the merits of the controversy. It finally got so it was necessary only to threaten an opponent by saying, "I git Big William to bust yo' haid open all the way down to

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yo' backbone!" in order to reduce an antagonist to frightened impotence.

Goliath — Big William thus nicknamed himself, impervious to the implications of the Biblical story — being a hero, could have anything in Harlem he wanted, so he took Minnie Walters. He fell in love with Minnie as ordinary mortals conceive an affection for a pert canary. He said, "You is mine, Honey. You is my dovey-love. I rents you a nice room in d' mos' fashionable paht of a roomin' house, wid a view out d' winder, an' you waits aroun' till I gits unbusy f'om dustin' somebody off an' in d' lovin' mood. Den we gits togetheh, Dovey-love, and drinks gin. I also is a bear fo' two-handed casinah."

"Ain't you kinda takin' all disyere stuff fo' granted?" inquired Miss Walters.

"I takes ever'thing fo' granted, Dovey-love," said Big William. "An' ifn it ain't granted, I takes it anyway."

Merely to be seen with Goliath walking arm-in-arm along 110th Street would enhance Miss Walters' standing in the community fifty-fold. She was not exactly a canary, having once knocked three men insensible who set upon her in a spirit of playful seduction. She thought she might bring herself to accept Big William's crude attentions, confident that she could handle the pugnacious bruiser in her own way.

Heroing has its ups and downs. For the time Big William did nicely, and the kind of occupation he had chosen suited him both physically and emotionally. Black ragamuffins followed him in winding queue wherever he went, their round pink eyes staring at his jacket-bursting shoulders admiringly. One day, unfortunately, he got into a fight with an East River bargeman, a wholly amateur encounter. William was feeling his oats. He flattened out the bargeman's nose, dusted off his hands, and cockily walked away. The boatman picked himself up, grabbed a four-by-six beam, crept behind the unsuspecting Goliath and banged him a wallop on top of the skull that resounded up and down the waterfront. When Big William came out of the hospital a month later he was a little paler and a little wiser. It was impressed upon him that brawn is constantly at the mercy of accident. Still the Harlem Hotspur, he yet felt it incumbent upon him to cast about for a sideline. Forming a partnership with Gimpy Lewis, who ran gin for private parties, Big William decided to commercialize his popularity by opening shop in the rear

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of his apartment house and installing a nickelodeon and a five gallon keg of whisky. Gimpy, a wizened little cripple who kicked the gong around considerably when in funds, was a kind of mimic who could entertain the customers between shuffles, aping the speech and mannerisms of famous characters in Harlem with peculiar accuracy.

Here Big William bummed his time away, strutting and booming and boozing. "I is bigger, meaner, stronger, smarter, lovinger, and happier," he said, "than anybody either inside Harlem or out. When I gits drunk I is drunker, and when I is sober I is soberer than anybody whether they is in their right mind or whether they ain't. I is David and Goliath and Big William all rolled into one, and I is kilt mo' people in my day dan d' Spanish influenza. Pour me a giant's size po'tion o' licker, Gimpy, so's I don' git no sadder dan whut I is, because when I gits sad I is sadder dan a whole bucketful o' tears."

Minnie Walters, as time went on, grew increasingly annoyed with Big William's persistent no-goodness. There was something large and simple and likable about Goliath, but Minnie was a woman, and a woman's highest ambition is to make over a man. Minnie craved, as she had never craved anything in her life, to make Big William respectable. "Doggone you, Goliath," she would say. "Jes' look at yo'se'f."

"Why should I look at myse'f?" he grinned. "I knows whut I looks like."

"You is dirty, you is crummy. On top of which you is filthy. Doggone you, Goliath, how you expect a woman gonna stay in love with you when you lives d' way you does? I bet ifn you leaves a pig up in that dance room you is been runnin' it make him sick unto his stummick."

"Lissen, my li'l peppermint stick," said Big William indulgently. "You is my dovey-love. Did I want a phonograph I'd o' went an' bought me one. You stays my dovey-love an' I stays yo' Goliath, an' ifn a pig ain't got no better sense comin' into my dance room, den let him be sick unto his stummick fo' all I cares."

"Goliath, you is impossible!"

"Yassum. People see how I does, they says d' same thing. They don' hahdly believe they eyes."

"You could be a big man in Harlem," she insisted.

"I is so big now I scares my own se'f into nightmares."

"You got brains, you got brawns, an' you is good-lookin' in a elephant kind of way, Goliath. I bet

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ifn yo' put awn a necktie an' went searchin' fo' a position, or even a job o' wuk, in no time you probly git respectable an' made deacon o' the Baptist Tabernacle."

"Minnie," said Big William, "ain't you ever hear how a tiger don' never change his stripes? Well, I is a tiger in mo' ways dan one. Now they is a lady oveh awn a hundred an' fo'teenth street which is gonna pay me two dollahs to scare a felleh into payin' her ten bucks whut he owe her. When I comes back I is gonna git drunk. An' when I gits undrunk I gonna try out a new pair o' dice which almost always comes out seven. An' when I wins me a small fortune, that maybe puts me in d' lovin' mood. So when I gits in d' lovin' mood I buys a couple o' bottles o' gin, comes oveh and gits you, an' we goes up to my place an' has a nice li'l game o' casinah. So run awn along an' take a sleep fo' yo'se'f, an' fo'git disyere stuff 'bout wearin' neckties. Wearin' a necktie is like a mild case o' hangin'. So long, Dovey-love."

"Goliath — Doggone you, Goliath. I . . ." she fumed inarticulately after his retreating figure.

The magistrate held his preliminary hearing in closed court. First he questioned the Negro policemen who had booked Miss Walters in the precinct station. They could only repeat that the lieutenant had instructed them to pick Minnie up, his information having resulted from an anonymous telephone call. Questioned further, they revealed that the girl made no bones about admitting the slaying, but this, they added, might have been done in a spirit of braggadocio. So far as they knew there had been no witnesses to the crime. Minnie had boasted of the killing to Miss Lulu Fisher, who lived in a room on the same floor with Big William.

The magistrate, his brow wrinkled, asked the officers whether they thought it logical for a woman to boast of a murderous assault, whereat the officers murmured they would guess offhand, as it were, that she might or she might not. All this left the magistrate a bit more confused than when he started. The Court next called Miss Lulu Fisher. "I don't want to know what you think," he said. "I want you to tell me exactly what you saw and heard."

"Well, suh, yo' honah," said Miss Fisher. "They'd been raisin' hell all evenin'. I —"

"Just what do you mean, 'raising hell'?"

"They was raisin' hell, like. They — well, d' way you does when you

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gits half hopped on gin an' d' mo' noise you is makin' an' d' mo' hell you is raisin', why d' mo' fun you think you is havin'."

"I see, I see. Well, go on. What happened then?"

"She done kilt him, I guess. I don' know. I was in d' nex' room," Miss Fisher shrugged.

The magistrate shook his head impatiently. "Didn't Miss Walters speak to you when she passed your door?"

"Sho she speak to me. We been friends Gawd knows how long."

"But what did she say?"

"She says, 'I done kilt Big William deadern a doornail,' or a cockaroach, or somethin'. She laffin' fit to bust."

"What did you do then?"

"I jes' went awn repairin' disyere run I got in my stockin'."

"You didn't go into this man's room to see whether Miss Walters had actually killed him or not?"

"Nawsuh! Ain' my business whut people kills who, yo' honah. Ifn Minnie kilt Big William, that her affair. She must o' had her own private reasons. Don' ast me whut went awn. I jes' a innocent bystandeh, suh."

The magistrate picked Minnie's penknife from his drawer and held it up for Miss Fisher's inspection. "Do you recognize this?"

"Look like a penknife."

"Did Miss Walters carry such a knife about with her?"

"Could be. Minnie pretty nice lookin' gal."

"What has being a nice looking girl got to do with going about armed?"

Miss Fisher shrugged. "Jes' you be a nice lookin' gal around Harlem fo' a spell, judge, yo' honah, suh, an' see ifn you don' wish yo' had you some kind o' knife or other now and then."

The magistrate rubbed his chin. "You may return to your home, Miss Fisher. But hold yourself in readiness to testify further if and when you are called."

The Court called Miss Walters. She had no attorney, so a public defender was assigned to safeguard her interests. In a felony hearing, besides setting bail, the only function of the examining magistrate is to decide whether sufficient evidence exists for presentment of the case to the Grand Jury, whose duty it is to hand down indictments. The Court so explained to Miss Walters. He also made it clear that she was not required to answer questions which might confuse or incriminate her, and that upon advice of counsel she was free to forego examination altogether, but that her refusal to testify might prejudice the

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Court in his decision. The magistrate thought he observed a smile hovering about the corners of the public defender's lips, and this, for some reason, annoyed him.

"Well, Miss Walters, you realize, of course, that you're in serious trouble."

"Trouble?" said Minnie. "No matteh whut trouble I is in wid Goliath daid it ain't liable to amount to half d' trouble I is in wid that no-good loafer alive."

"Be that as it may — " said the magistrate. "Do I understand you to refer to the deceased as 'Goliath'?"

"Yassuh, judge, suh. He always claim he David an' Goliath an' Big William rolled into one."

"Were you married to the deceased?"

"In one way I is, an' in another way I ain'. The on'y thing which stood 'twixt me an' marriage was a weddin', suh, yo' honah."

"Had you quarreled with, ah, this Big William previously to your last altercation with him, Miss Walters?"

"I — "

Minnie's attorney interrupted, objecting for the sake of his own amusement. "That question, of course, carries an incriminating corollary, your honor."

The magistrate's annoyance grew. "Well, so it does, Counselor. We know, however, that she had a last altercation with the deceased, as several witnesses testified. It is not the question which is likely to incriminate her, but the facts. I am trying to determine the facts. I'll re-word the question. Were you in the habit of quarreling with Big William, Miss Walters?"

"I keeps raisin' general hell wid 'im, suh, yo' honah, to quit disyere heroin' business and fine hisse'f a respectful job o' wuk. Anybody hasn't quarrel wid Goliath jes' ain' met him yet."

"Is this your penknife, Miss Walters?"

She glanced at it. "Anyway, it was," she answered.

"What do you mean, it was? Do you infer that it was not in your possession at the time the deceased was stabbed?"

"Oh, really, your honor," cried the defense attorney, "isn't the Court misusing Miss Walters' conception of the past tense to hang a leading question upon? I think my client means simply to infer that since the knife is in possession of the authorities she does not presume to lay property claim to it."

The magistrate slowly counted to ten in his head, then observed, "In my crude way, Counselor, I am proceeding with the examination

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for the purpose of determining whether we have sufficient evidence for a presentment to the Grand Jury. Your zeal does honor to the niceties of English, but your technicalities will be more in order before a trial judge. What we are trying to discover here is whether Miss Walters apparently did or whether Miss Walters apparently did not stab to death one Big William. We —"

Minnie spoke up. "Is *that* whut you like to know, suh, yo' honah? Why, sure I stab Goliath. Ever'-body know I stab hell outn him."

The magistrate drew a deep breath. "Well, why in heaven's name didn't you tell me that in the first place?"

"You never ast me, judge, suh."

The defense attorney pursed his lips. Flattening out his thin locks in an effort to control himself, the magistrate husked his throat and continued. "Madam," he said slowly, "would you care to inform the Court why you assaulted the deceased?"

"Nossuh. Yassuh, I mean. I assaulted the deceased fo' d' reason because, doggone 'im, he goes an' slips a black ten offn d' bottom o' d' deck an' rakes in Big Casinah."

"You wish me to believe that you killed Big William because he cheated in a game of cards between you and he?" demanded the magistrate incredulously. The defense attorney sniffed, but managed to keep a straight face. " 'You and him,' " he mumbled under his breath. "Nicety of English."

"I don' care whut you believes, beggin' yo' pahdon, yo' honah, suh. That's up to you, whut you believes. I jes' tellin' you, on account you ast. Howeveh, suh," Minnie added, "I been thinkin' it oveh. An' fo' d' reason because we is both mo' toward bein' drunk dan we is toward bein' sober, I don' guess neither Goliath nor me is really responsible fo' our actions."

The magistrate took out his handkerchief and blew his nose noisily and violently.

"I suppose I is got to fo'give that big no-good brute," Minnie continued. "Maybe I on'y stuck 'im so hahd by accident. I guess he jes' didn't know whut he doin'. Goliath neveh did know right f'om wrong, yo' honah."

"I have no alternative," said the magistrate, throwing up his hands, "but to hand a presentment to the Grand Jury. Let them wrestle with it. If they can get an indictment out of this irrational and incoherent chatter they are welcome to it. All they'll have left when they sift out the illegal evidence is an unidentified corpse. Case remanded."

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Four questions people ask about life insurance dividends

1. *What is a dividend?*

In a mutual company such as Metropolitan, the premium paid by the policyholder is fixed at an amount somewhat greater than the company expects will be needed under normal conditions to pay for the cost of furnishing the insurance. This is a safety measure, in order to make sure that the company has on hand at all times sufficient funds to cover any unforeseen contingencies that may arise.

The policyholder receives back, in the form of dividends, such amounts as past experience and present conditions indicate are not needed for the current cost of insurance or for the maintenance of the necessary reserve funds which assure payment of future policy obligations. Dividends are not usually available, of course, in the very early policy years.

2. *How are dividends arrived at?*

After premiums and interest from investments have been credited . . . after payments to policyholders and beneficiaries, and expenses, have been met . . . after the reserve which is required by law to insure the payment of future obligations has been set aside . . . and after provision has been made for an extra safety fund (the maximum of which is limited by law) . . . any funds remaining are available for dividends. The company apportions and distributes these funds to individual policyholders in such a manner that the dividend on each policy represents the refund due on that policy for the particular year.

3. *Why do dividends sometimes fluctuate from year to year?*

When you read the answer to this question, you may wonder why dividends don't fluctuate more!

The actual cost of life insurance depends primarily on three factors: the claim rate among the policyholders, the interest earned, and the running expense of the company. Any material change in any of these factors may increase or may lower the actual cost of insurance.

For instance, when a life insurance company receives less in interest, insurance must cost more than it otherwise would.

During the last ten years, there has been a substantial decline in interest income on most forms of investments available to life insurance companies. The savings resulting from a lower death rate and Metropolitan's slightly lower expense rates (except for taxes) have not been sufficient to offset such reductions in interest earnings.

As a result, the amount available for dividends, during the period of declining interest rates, has been reduced.

4. *In what manner may I use my dividend?*

If you own an Ordinary life insurance policy in Metropolitan, you may use your dividend in any one of four ways.

(*a*) You can receive your dividend in cash.

(*b*) You can apply your dividend toward the payment of premiums.

(*c*) Except in the case of Term insurance, you can use your dividend to purchase additional paid-up life insurance. Any such insurance, purchased in this manner, will be added to the face amount which your present policy will have at death or upon maturity.

(*d*) You can leave dividends with the Company to accumulate interest.

It is not feasible, of course, to make all of

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Every day, hundreds of policyholders consult Metropolitan agents for services or information concerning their Metropolitan policies. Frequently the questions they ask have to do with dividends.

the above options available for Industrial or Group policies.

No matter how you elect to use your dividends, the result is this: dividends reduce the amount you pay for your life insurance to the cost of providing it.

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A PSYCHIATRIST INDICTS EDUCATION

By C. Charles Burlingame, M.D.

The head of one of America's largest department stores was asked recently what impressed him most about the young Americans who came swarming to him each year looking for employment, bachelor's degrees proudly displayed. "The fact that very few of them have the slightest idea about business, any clear idea of what they want to do, or any preparation for doing it," he replied. "Most of them still regard business as a sort of 'mother' that is supposed to nurture them in spite of their lack of skill, training, experience or aptitude."

Some months ago several hundred young men and women got together in Washington and, according to press reports, had a fine time passing resolutions demanding their "rights." Not only did these delegates to the Citizenship Institute of the American Youth Congress dismay many by their bad manners, but they seemed to show a remarkably one-sided awareness of their rights and a strange myopia for their duties. There is a definite connection between the spectacle of young Americans going forth to business expecting to be "nurtured" by a kindly world, and such gatherings of discontented youth. They are both the end-products of twelve, sixteen, or perhaps twenty years of schooling under the American educational system. Taken together they indicate the necessity for a critical appraisal of an educational system that educates for many specific ends, but rarely for the end of supreme importance — that of learning to live.

Undoubtedly my point of view, after more than three decades in the practice of psychiatry, is somewhat tinctured by my professional experiences. Fishing always in troubled waters, one may forget that there are clear, calm waters too. Conceding that bias, it is still an appalling fact that year after year, and with increasing incidence, to the office of every psychiatrist come young people who have been through the educational process and yet, stripped of

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their parrot-phrases, have nothing with which to face the world. We see them when they crack up. Sometimes we see them just before they crack up — baffled, discouraged, unable to meet the demands of reality.

"Listen, Doc, what good am I to anybody? I don't know how to do anything. What good is my Latin and Greek? I can't sell it now. I might just as well be out of the picture —." Or another: "The trouble is, Doctor, I don't know how to look for work. I just don't know how to go about it. Now if I had somebody to speak for me. You see, I never looked for a job in my life —." Still another, a woman with a Ph.D., but suffering from such excessive shyness that she cannot speak to strangers. I ask her, "How did you get through college? How did you do your oral recitations?" "Oh", she explains, "they excused me from those. . . . They were very kind, don't you think?" Very kind? Was it kind to let her run away from a thing for six years, knowing that she must finally come face to face with it?

A breezy, insouciant young man faced me defiantly. "I'm going to enjoy life," he said. "You old timers are all wet. You worked your heads off and what did you get out of it?" He would not have understood if I had said simply, "The thrill of doing a good job and doing it right." But I tried. "There is pleasure in work itself," I told him. He merely stared. "I don't get you, Doc."

We have made a fetish of education. No aborigine prostrating himself before the good-luck charm of the witch doctor has given more abject, uncritical devotion or slavish credulity to the effectiveness of his fetish than the average American does to that of education, particularly "higher" education. It has been unpopular to criticize educational methods or to intimate that a college education wasn't the best thing for everybody. When Dr. Ernest Hooton, the anthropologist, says that 50 per cent of the population cannot retain what they have so arduously learned in school, we smile condescendingly. "Come and get it" has been the standing invitation to all with the means, the persistence and the cunning to achieve the mystic label of a college degree. Only an idiot would attempt to put a quart of liquid into a pint bottle, yet that is one of the feats which our present attitude toward education forces upon educators. Show me any typical high school graduating class, and I will show

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you at least one or two or more youngsters who might better have started four years before to learn a craft or trade. Show me any college graduating class, and I will show you youngsters who have been squeezed into the academic mould merely to satisfy the ambitions and the pride of their parents.

On the other hand, a vast amount of native intelligence never gets to college or, if it does, is smothered under a mass of detail devised for mediocrity. As Dr. Foster Kennedy recently pointed out, we are taught from the ages of eighteen to twenty-two matters which should have been learned between fourteen and eighteen; instead of spurring on the brilliant minds that have a great contribution to make to society, we impede them by courses designed for the sluggards and the dull-witted.

Not long ago a worried father asked me to talk to his son because of a sudden drop in the boy's scholastic standing. Though exceptionally intelligent, the young man had dropped to the lower middle of his class. The answer was simple. "I don't want the fellows to think I'm a greasy grind," he said, casually. "The fellows I travel with aim to get passing marks and that's all." That boy's father, I happened to know, had worked his way through college, sleeping in a basement room adjoining the furnace room of an apartment house where he did janitor work.

II

What concerns me most as a psychiatrist is not the economic aspects of mass mis-education, but the result in terms of personal maladjustment to life — the misfits, malcontents and dependents bred by indiscriminate and unrealistic education. Every psychiatrist has met them and has spent long hours trying to unravel the tangled skeins of their lives.

"A" was one of these. Because two generations had gone to a large Eastern university, it was understood that he should carry on the "tradition." He got through grammar school all right and through high school with a little difficulty. He was a conscientious boy and carried the family tradition around his neck like the old man of the sea. He wasn't in college long before he developed a severe melancholia with ideas of self-destruction. Psychological examinations disclosed the fact that he was dull normally. His parents were horrified when it was suggested that he leave college. Hav-

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ing a son without an A.B. was, to them, like having a leper in the family. Finally they gave in. The world lost a mediocre bond salesman but gained a first-class mechanic.

Out of the bitter struggles of immigrant groups who worked with their hands has developed the theory that there is something intrinsically better about "white collar" work than that of a skilled craftsman or artisan. Whether a lawyer contributes more to society than a good carpenter is open to question, but the point is that society has invested the professions with a social glamor denied to carpentry and bricklaying. It matters little that the good toolmaker gives more to society than the poor surgeon. This snobbish attitude toward certain manual arts has had the incidental effect of giving social prestige to all forms of pen-pushing, with its consequent effect on the school curriculum. Thousands of husky young men learn to add columns of figures and to do bank statements, blissfully unaware that all their hard-earned knowledge will ultimately be applied behind the wheel of a truck or the counter of a store. Except in a few enlightened instances trade schools have been in the vague shadowland of education, a sort of half-way house between the academic school and the institution for the feeble-minded. It is only now, with the world that we know seemingly tumbling around us, that the intrinsic value of trained craftsmen is receiving recognition.

It is only natural that parents wish advantages for their children. As a psychiatrist I have heard them lament time and time again, when their best-laid plans have gone awry: "But Doctor, I only wanted to have him get the things I was never able to enjoy." An object of such parental wish-fulfillment was "B," son of a hardworking middle-class father who had finished grade school in the old country and who was determined that his son should have all the advantages he hadn't had himself. An only child, "B" was husky, intelligent and good looking. His parents were proud when he made the high school football team. They didn't ask him to do any chores around the house because they wanted him to be a "gentleman." They bought him a car for his personal use when he graduated from high school. The sacrifice to keep him at college seemed worth while when they saw him score the winning touchdown in a big game.

The let-down came after gradua-

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tion, when the cheering crowds were but a memory. He took a job as a lifeguard for the summer, as a sort of "breather," as he expressed it. Autumn came and he set out, bronzed and confident. Employers were cordial but evasive; a few of them offered him jobs selling on commission. Finally he took one of these to "fill in." Some of the other salesmen had never gone to college, and at first he felt superior to them, but when he found their sales topping his own he grew bitter. Now, three years out of college, he is selling secondhand automobiles. He has lost his last three jobs because of alcoholic binges. If anyone will listen he will gladly tell him what is wrong with the country and what he would do about it. Frequently in an alcoholic haze he will day-dream — and those are his happiest moments, for again he is carrying the ball and the crowds are cheering him.

He is not wholly to blame for the mess he has made of his life. From the beginning he was insulated from realities. His fond parents had wanted to protect him against the struggle that had been their own strength, and so they made him weak. In college, the process of inculcating false values continued, and the ephemeral glory of the playing field overshadowed the realities he would have to face later.

Psychiatrists know that most of the malcontents of the world and most of the disturbing personalities, even those in the highest places, have the germs of their disorders rooted in the trivia of childhood and the frustrations of early manhood. It is no accident that bastardy, stigmata, and dysplastic faces and figures are commonplace among those who would rule or ruin the lives of others. Deliberately to implant a philosophy of life at variance with facts that must inevitably be faced in real-life situations, is to do youth a disservice and help to swell the ranks of the pathetically maladjusted.

One youth, out of college two years, said to me the other day: "If they'd chloroform a few of you old duffers over fifty some of us youngsters would have a chance, maybe." He had come to me because of a near breakdown, characterized by suspicions and ideas of persecution following the loss of several different positions. I merely said, "You'd have a chance to do what?" "To change this cock-eyed world — that's what," he replied. "But you couldn't do that without working hard, and for long hours," I said, "and that's

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the very reason you've been fired from these jobs — you refuse to work hard. Most of the men in key positions today have worked hard, haven't they?" "The same old stuff," he snorted, "— strive and succeed."

It is the same old stuff. Most of the truths of the world have become platitudes. But old stuff though it be, our educational system should teach that life is a struggle, that it is everyone's duty to contribute something. It should toughen youth for competition and, in the vernacular, teach him to "take it." This, it seems to me, is the most valuable thing that our schools can teach, and usually don't. No one ever ran the race of life and enjoyed the running without first going through a period of hard training. But to the toughened and well-trained, the race becomes a game instead of something to fear and evade, as it is for those who are unprepared.

III

On every hand there is unhappy evidence of these unadjusted individuals who have never learned to face realities. It is to be seen in chronic objectors who are at all times and unreasoningly "agin the government;" in the vast army of psychoneurotics who "adopt" various forms of illness as an escape from reality and responsibility; in the vast, ever-increasing number of alcoholics who seek Nirvana in that narcotic. There are innumerable varieties of escape from reality — some of them socially acceptable; the enjoyment of poetry, art, drama, music, even the moderate use of alcohol, are permissible means to dull the sometimes cruel edge of life. But when they are used to such an extent that the victim becomes less willing or less able promptly to return to reality, they have become pathologic.

Paradoxical as it may sound, the pursuit of education itself may be a form of retreat from reality. I think of "C," who owns a long list of degrees, some of them unfamiliar to all except professional university people. As a youngster he didn't like to play games with the other boys but would rather stay by himself and read. He was considered somewhat of a "sissy" but soon found that he could achieve a feeling of superiority in the classroom. He was class valedictorian and then went on to college where he majored in psychology. Here again he was an outstanding student. When he got his degree he stayed on as an instructor. He didn't like teaching particularly,

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but explained it to his friends, "I'll do it for a year or two and work for my Master's degree." When he had attained his Master's degree, the university placement bureau found him a job. It was a good job. The hours were longer than he was used to and his employer was not an easy man to work for; a hard worker himself, he demanded a full day's work of his employees.

It was only a matter of months before a Ph.D. seemed very desirable to "C," and he longed for the cloister of the university and its serene, easy-going ways. The last I knew of him, he had returned to the university, and had obtained his Ph.D. Grudgingly he was entertaining the idea of teaching in a small women's college. "I hate the work" he complained, "but what can I do? A fellow can't find work outside these days." He is only one of the hundreds who return to the sanctuary of the university for the additional warmth of a Master's degree or the sheltering overcoat of a Ph.D., never again to emerge unless, having become authorities, perchance, they may be summoned to help govern or regulate some of the benighted fellows who have been tough enough to survive in the catch-as-catch-can existence of competitive life.

One of our leading scientists said to me recently: "The greatest difficulty we have with our graduate students is to get them to initiate and carry on work; all they want to do is absorb. We put them in the laboratory, and they very conscientiously learn all we have to tell them, but they contribute nothing unless they are prodded into it."

Educators must be aware how often the seeking of a higher degree merely masks an inability to get out and face the world. To a psychiatrist, such a withdrawal indicates that in the interests of better adjustment to life and better mental health, educators might well reconsider the basis of selection of candidates for academic degrees. A saner basis might be the candidate's proven ability to acquire knowledge and to *utilize* that knowledge constructively once it is acquired. Neither social aspirations nor financial resources should give a young person the right to prolong the educational process. The first requirement should be the ability to use knowledge. We should make certain that the candidate is not already bowed down with inert knowledge which he is unable to activate, and that his seeking of the higher degrees is not a mechanism for escape from the

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realities of life, as pathological in essence as a psychosis or the abuse of alcohol.

I would be the last to attack the higher education as such, or to belittle its significance. But I would dignify the college degree and make it mean something by excluding those who have no genuine capacity for higher education, or who will use a degree merely as a pass-key to social prestige or as an escape from the demands of reality. I would relate education to the everyday living processes. It often seems to me that educators have a horror of knowledge closely tied in with actual conditions of life, and resent its inclusion in the college curriculum despite lip-service to the "learning by doing" theory.

A prominent educator was telling me recently of the growth of radio in certain colleges, and how the students had erected soundproof studios, prepared scenarios and conducted regularly scheduled broadcasts. "That's fine," I said, "because it's activating knowledge. It's a good addition to the curriculum, giving an opportunity for realistic experience." He looked at me aghast. "A part of the curriculum — radio? Perhaps in some radical college, but not in the well-established universities."

We want our children to be happy, useful members of society, but early in their educational lives we make the mistake of repeatedly asking them, "What are you getting out of it?" I recommend that at an early stage we also introduce the question, "What are you giving or learning to give to society?" Meanwhile we have no right to be profoundly shocked or even surprised when young people get together in clamorous congress to insist upon their rights and blandly ignore their obligations. Our entire educational system is geared up to "give" to the student and asks little or nothing in return — not even a casual respect for what used to be called virtues. We have no right to be surprised at subsequent maladjustments when the product of our educational system, protected from the realities of life during his collegiate career, suddenly finds himself naked before his enemies, alone, unequipped and unversed in the mechanics of making a living, and with not even simple faith to sustain him.

This is no era for complacency. It is a time for rigorous self-examination. If we have been wasting our substance growing flabby and weak, then nowhere is there a better place to begin rehabilitation

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than in our schools. Education should be made to toughen the mental and spiritual fibre of those who are exposed to it. If it does nothing else, it should teach the fundamental truth that neither business nor government can permanently play the role of mother in nurturing those who have come into adulthood — that sooner or later a man has his choice: to stand on his own two feet and meet the world head-on, or to run away, or to degenerate into a parasite. Our educational system has not made this issue clear. Because it has not contributed sufficiently to self-reliance, there has been a widespread weakening of mental and spiritual fibre resulting in countless individual tragedies which, summed up, make the real American Tragedy.

GARDEN OF WAR

By Charles G. Crellin

Johnny boy, Johnny boy, come along with me!
Yonder lies the garden, just across the sea.
Yonder lies the garden, ankle deep in mire:
Yonder lies the garden, fenced around with wire.

See the flowers blossom, blossom in the night,
Every petal glowing with infernal light.
Careful of the stems, boy, hard and hot they feel:
Straight and deadly stems, boy, made of tempered steel.

Never mind the odor — all the flowers smell
Like the sulphur roses from the hedge of hell.
Never mind the mud, boy, never mind the mud:
Clay is always sticky, wetted down with blood.

Johnny boy, Johnny boy, come and pluck your doom
From the lethal bowers where the flowers bloom.
Johnny boy, Johnny boy, pluck a red bouquet
For the Lord Almighty on the Judgment day.

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▶ *His rags-to-riches characters made "Alger hero" an American cliché, but*

HORATIO ALGER WAS NO HERO

By Stewart H. Holbrook

Horatio Alger, Jr., author of the 118 rags-to-riches novels inspiring to the youth of a past day, was most indecently introduced to the Facts of Life one drowsy evening in the Cambridge of 1848. A freshman at Harvard, he had taken rooms at a Mrs. Curran's, and for a number of weeks his diary reveals what a fine landlady he had. She was a splendid cook; she kept him from oversleeping; she made a cake "with chocolate on top and in between," and a bit later he "found a new towel on bed embroidered with my initial by Mrs. C. I thanked her." Most Harvard freshmen of the day could have seen what was coming, but not Horatio. Then Mrs. Curran let him have it. Says the diary, tragically:

> She stood in the doorway as I passed to my room and had on very little and I might have seen her bare but I did not look. I shall move to where there is greater respect for decency.

Move he did, and apparently he kept his virtue until those four dangerous years under the elms were past. When later he did stumble, the fall was mighty and it was all the king's horses and men, including his publishers and officials of the Newsboys Lodging House in New York City, could do to haul him off the path of Sin.

Horatio was born on Friday the 13th of January, 1832, in Revere, Massachusetts, the first son of a Unitarian minister who had marked the boy for the church. Schooling at Gates Academy was followed by Harvard, where Horatio stood high in his class. After the lusty Mrs. Curran's, he roomed at the home of Floyd Thurstone, an amiable old eccentric who lived in one of those ancient houses that used to surround Harvard Yard. Learning that Thurstone was about to lose his property by mortgage, Horatio wrote an essay that brought a $40 prize. This he pressed on the harassed Thurstone, an act that soon had a bearing on Alger's life.

Alger Sr. gave his son the choice of studying for the ministry or going it alone with no parental aid. As he had no desire to preach — at

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least, not from the pulpit — Horatio became an instructor in a private school in Boston. He almost starved at it, and also at editing a short-lived periodical. He gave up his contest with the hard world and told his father that he would attend Cambridge Theological School. At graduation time he was thunderstruck to learn that Thurstone had died and had left him a ring, a watch and $2000.

Coincident with this bequest, two of Horatio's friends showed up. They were about to leave for Europe, there to see the sights and possibly to study Art. The divinity graduate thought about a pulpit; he thought about Paris; he went along with the boys.

After a brief pause in London the trio went on to Paris. His two pals immediately went in for a heavy course in wine and women, with a little Art on the side, but for a long time Horatio successfully wrestled with the Devil, remaining in his *pension* much of the time and keeping pure.

In those days the Paris morgue was a famous meeting place. While strolling there one day Horatio was accosted by a short, plump, good-looking girl who proved to be easy to get acquainted with. She was Elise Montselet, no streetwalker but an honest working girl who sang in cafés. She liked Alger at once, finding him naïve and unspoiled. They hit it off famously, and soon Horatio was going to the café to hear her sing. He even tried to drink wine, but disliked it.

One night Elise persuaded him to take her to a ball. When he escorted her home afterwards she asked him to come in and stop awhile. The youth started to refuse, at which the French girl stamped her foot and gave him a terrific going over. He went in and stayed all night. Next day the diary reported as follows: "I was a fool to have waited so long. It is not so vile as I thought." Two days later, from the same volume: ". . . Elise makes fun of me. I am learning things from her." Another day and he asks the diary: "Should I go on, and is this right? What makes it wrong?" So it continued for many weeks until Horatio, in a fit of conscience, left her. But only briefly. "Genius has its own prerogatives," he wrote in a good round hand, then went back to Elise.

By now he had forgotten all about his two pals; he had learned to guzzle, to dance. Elise, who seems to have been highly literate, told him much more of French literature than he had learned at Harvard. The two were living

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openly together, and having a whale of a good time, when one Charlotte Evans appeared. She was an English girl, a student of painting, and she seems to have been a woman who knew what she wanted. She wanted Horatio and she took him.

II

Now Horatio's troubles began. Charlotte ran the ménage and Horatio, too. She had him so frightened that the best he could do was submit and write in his diary that he would like to choke the English harpy. Finally she became so mean that the patient Alger could stand her no more. With all the secrecy in the world he slipped out the back door and took ship for New York. On the first day out of Havre, Charlotte Evans appeared on deck. Horatio was dumbfounded, and the woman had her way with him until the ship docked. Once on a New York street, Horatio excused himself, saying he wanted to see a man about a dog, and when he got out of Miss Evans' sight he ran like the wind. There is no record of his seeing her again.

Broke, and weighing 110 pounds as a result of his various Art studies, Horatio went directly home. He still didn't want to be a minister, and after getting the wrinkles ironed out of his stomach, went to Boston with the intention of seeking a literary career. The Civil War put a stop to that. Horatio decided to enlist. On the way to do so he fell and broke an arm. They put him to work in a recruiting office. Off and on for three years he talked of enlisting, but never got around to it. On December 8, 1864, he broke down and was ordained pastor of the Unitarian church at Brewster, Massachusetts.

It was here, according to Herbert R. Mayes, Alger's only serious biographer, that the urge to write became strong enough for action. On the margins of his sermons he took to scribbling plots for stories. He tried out the plots on William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), editor of *Student & Schoolmate*, who encouraged him. In 1866 Alger resigned his pulpit and went to New York City, with an outline of *Ragged Dick* in his pocket. *Ragged Dick* was an immediate success, a veritable wow that Horatio was to rewrite a hundred times in the years to come, changing only the title and the names of characters. It told the story of the rise to riches of a street urchin, and for the next half century every bootblack in the United States was be-

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lieved to be a potential capitalist.

Officials of the New York Newsboys Lodging House on Fulton Street saw the Ragged Dick story. It was a new type of literature, one that should inculcate in poor youths a desire and a determination to get ahead in the world. The Lodging House officials sought Alger out and invited him to make use of the place as a source for background material. Superintendent Charles O'Connor, an able man in his work, took a strong liking to Alger.

From this time almost to the end of his career Alger spent much of his time in the newsboys' home. He followed *Dick* with *Fame & Fortune*. The boys of New York and elsewhere ate it up and demanded more. They got it with *Mark, the Match Boy*. Endorsements of these fine serials, which were then put into book form, came from men in all walks of life. They became a flood that continued for thirty years. So did royalty checks. The boy from Harvard had hit his stride.

His working habits, while eccentric, ran to a pattern. He outlined his simple plots in advance, always the same basically, and selected names for his characters. Choosing a title came first of all. And when he once sat down to write, he was a demon. Writing swiftly, and with almost no revisions, he would sit at his desk ten, fifteen hours at a stretch, brewing strong coffee to keep him awake. He wrote so carelessly that in time his publishers tried to correct the more glaring inconsistencies. As fame reached him he took to writing absurd prefaces, some of them 5000 words long, but his publishers usually managed to forget to include them.

A. K. Loring, who published many of the Alger serials in book form, advised Horatio to make a trip to the Coast with the idea of writing a series of books with Midwestern and Far Western backgrounds. Alger crossed the continent, getting ideas that soon became *The Young Miner*, *Both Sides of the Continent*, and other stories. On his return East he took lodgings in rural Peekskill, New York, there to write his Westerns. Horatio couldn't know it, of course, but Drama, and Romance, too, were about to close in on him.

Shortly after his arrival in Peekskill, one Jeremiah Hardy was found brutally murdered. His widow was arrested. She went into a hysterical turn during which she told police she had seen a strange man in the neighborhood previous to the murder. The local sleuths looked around for the man. They

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found him in the person of a drab, pudgy little fellow who wore a moustache but was getting bald on top. Questioned by police, the pudgy man said he was Horatio Alger, Jr. The cops laughed. Great writers like Alger, they said, didn't live in country towns. They threw him into the lockup. Horatio knew how Ragged Dick felt when arrested for a crime he didn't commit.

Within a few hours the police let Alger loose. They wanted room to jail a man who had confessed the Hardy murder. The cops apologized, and so did Mrs. Hardy. She invited Horatio to call, which he did, and things were going along swimmingly when Mrs. Hardy's sister, Una, showed up.

Una G was about forty — slim no more, but pleasingly plump and blessed with fair looks and an ardent nature. She also had a husband. She smiled so bewitchingly at Horatio that he forthwith bought a new suit and a fine necktie. He showed up the second night lugging a bunch of flowers for Una which he said he had picked himself. One thing led to another, and Mr. G didn't like it. He announced that he and his wife were moving into New York City. They moved, and so did Horatio — taking up quarters not far from them. Here the two lovers held clandestine meetings. Business called Mr. G to Chicago. The meetings in Horatio's flat came oftener and lasted longer.

III

At this juncture, Charles O'Connor of the Newsboys Lodging House became worried about his good friend. He noted that Alger had all but ceased to write, that he showed little interest in the boys at the House. Alger's publishers were worried, too. They were making fabulous money from the Alger stories and wanted more.

Having met Mrs. G and sensing what was up, the pious O'Connor set about breaking up the romance. He suggested to Horatio that he buy a farm O'Connor knew of in Arlington and go there to write a series about farm boys. Alger agreed. He bought the farm. Then he went and asked Una if she'd live with him. She not only said she would, but went ahead to help her lover select furniture. Horatio already had his eye on a couple of nice beds when Una breathed an undying line: "But why two, Horatio?" she asked.

They lived together at the farm until word came that Mr. G was coming back from Chicago. Una hurriedly returned to New York. Whether or not Mr. G sensed what

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had been going on isn't known; anyway, he told Una to pack up — they were going to Paris.

Horatio was desolate. Day after day he sat with blank paper in front of him and wrote not a line. Finally he gave up even the attempt. "I'm going to Paris," he told O'Connor desperately. But he found his bank account too low. Una and the farm had cost a heap of money. Alger sat down again, and this time the deathless prose of *Frank & Fearless* flowed from his heated pen, 80,000 words of it in fourteen days. He took the copy to his publishers who, without troubling to read the story — they knew it anyway — gave Alger advance royalty checks amounting to several thousand dollars. Alger took a long breath, then turned out *Walter Sherwood's Probation*, another 80,000 words. Time: thirteen days. Collecting advance royalties on this work, Horatio packed.

Direct to Paris went the panting lover, but things weren't what they had been. Una had tired of him, yet his dog-like devotion appealed to her. She met him now and again, when Mr. G was out of town, but the meetings grew fewer. Horatio brooded. He tried to write and could not. Months flew by and his publishers were getting anxious. They wrote, then cabled, for copy. With a superhuman effort Alger sat down and in a few days *Struggling Upward* was on its way to New York. Then the writer brooded again, and his brooding turned into some sort of violent mental attack. One night neighbors heard terrific screaming. They called police who carried away to a hospital a short, chubby man who fought like a trapped raccoon.

When Alger had somewhat recovered he returned to New York. His old friend O'Connor didn't recognize him. Thin and haggard now, pale as a sheet, he had aged twenty years. When he had recovered from the shock, O'Connor took his friend to his own home and cared for him through an illness that lasted close to two years.

Alger resumed writing. One evening, as he was reading what was to be *Adrift in New York*, O'Connor died quietly. It all but finished Alger, for O'Connor was apparently the only male friend he ever knew. He hid himself away for more than a year, and when he emerged he seemed not to know what to do. He went up to New England and revisited the scenes of his boyhood and youth. He tarried at South Natick, Massachusetts, and there he started coughing. His heart pained him terribly. Old-timers in Natick recall that often

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when Alger went out for a stroll he would sink to the ground and have to be carried home.

When word of the Master's illness reached the Newsboys Lodging House, the lads drew up a resolution of cheer and appreciation and sent a committee to deliver it in person to the dying man. It was possibly the greatest moment in Alger's life, and he wept tears of joy. A few days later he turned his face to the wall and died. He was buried July 18, 1899, from the Unitarian church in South Natick.

Prior to 1900 the Alger books sold for $1.25. New publishers put out reprints at 10¢, then 15¢. Sales continued fairly but diminishingly brisk until about World War time, then died away. Libraries began removing the books from their shelves, calling them trash. The Alger era was over. Only the Master's name survives to describe an incredible rise to fortune of some lad who once sold papers or blacked boots.

MOON OVER EUROPE

By Ralph Friedrich

Moon that will rise to look upon this place
Without compassion and without despair,
Pour down your light upon the broken stair,
The ravaged roof that for a little space
Held off destruction. To no lifted face
Will you be more than menace. Cities wear
Your light disastrously. The shimmering air
Enfolds them in a perilous embrace.

Far up in heaven, gleaming in their flight,
The birds of death go over. And the sky
Flows ever westward. Down the face of night
The seeds of doom rush earthward. Cities die
Beneath your stare, and they who loved you lie
Shattered to silence in the rain of light.

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LUNACY MARCHES ON!

THE liberty-loving editors of Stalin's *Daily Worker* unearth another Fascist menace. Referring to a Warner Brothers order that no women players shall wear slacks or shorts, they warn:

> It harmonizes with the rising tendency of Fascism in America to whittle down the rights of the people as citizens by attacking first, and on moral grounds, the right of women citizens to wear what they darn please.

* * *

Breeding's the thing in Hitler's realm, as these matrimonial advertisements from the Nazi press indicate:

> Young National Socialist, 30 years of age, pure Aryan, great future, desires marriage, to safeguard the race, with an ideal young lady as described by our beloved Führer. She must have wide hips, large solid feet, energetic hands, long hair reaching to the ankles; she must wear white linen underthings, definitely renounce the use of any make-up, and resemble as much as possible the Spartan girls, who also were of the Nordic race. She must, of course, be of one-hundred per cent Aryan descent and National Socialist. Write to Karl, c/o *Der Arbeitsman*, Berlin.

> At the age of 27, in full maturity, I have succeeded, in spite of all education, in becoming a real personality and have the inflexible will to become more — a superman, as described by Nietzsche. My fatherland is that of Peter Rosegger in the North, of Rudolf Hans Bartsch in the South, my territory is in the East. By profession I am an agriculturist, devoted to the soil, inured to tireless activity in the home and in the field. The one who among the millions of women, believes her nature equal to mine, can call herself my bride. She must be of Nordic race (of pure descent) and own a sufficient fortune to establish a home on landed property. Letters from middlemen will be consigned to the flames. Write to Ecce Homo, c/o *Neueste Nachrichten*, Kiel.

* * *

To Spaniards the "Lost Empire" is that of Philip II, which comprised all South America, the Philippines, Mexico (including Texas, California, etc.), Puerto Rico, Cuba and the rest of the Antilles. Which makes the following oath — now taken by all government officials, trade unionists, army recruits, etc., in Franco's Spain — rather remarkable:

> I pledge allegiance to God, Spain, Franco and our Nationalist Syndicalist Revolution; to serve my country above anything else, and to fight unhesitatingly for the material and spiritual reconquest of our Lost Empire, for the creation of Spain United, Great and

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Free, which has been given us by the victorious sword of our glorious Caudillo.

* * *

Il Duce's learned mouthpiece, the Rome *Il Tevere*, offers an acute scientific rebuttal of an address by Lord Halifax:

> The King of England and Israel, the Jew Halifax, for his name and appearance brand him as such — all Jews and illegitimate sons of Jews up to the highest classes, which are related to Jews, as all Englishmen are — such people presume nothing less than to call a crusade of Christianity.

* * *

It's not the heat — it's capitalist humidity, according to an editorial in the Soviet-American trade paper *Daily Worker*. Attacking America's summer temperatures, it points out that such things are forbidden by the Stalin Constitution:

> Under the anti-social capitalist system, the great mass of the people are victims of every kind of weather freak . . . the heat parches them and saps their energy and health. Only in the Soviet Union, where there is Socialism, are the rest, leisure and living conditions of the people fully provided for — these rights are written into the Stalin Constitution.

* * *

A new concept of national heroism is propounded by Franco's propaganda magazine, *Spain:*

> . . . the heroic patriotic figure of Marshal Pétain arises. Once more, France, in her terrible sorrow, has had the historic good fortune of discovering a providential hero. In a radio address, Pétain told the people of France: "It is obligatory to accept the conditions imposed by the enemy."

* * *

The great tribune of democratic America, Father Coughlin's *Social Justice*, hails the new set-up in defeated France:

> The resolution of Marshal Pétain which was passed by the French Parliament at Vichy promises to form the basis of a stable government which France has been lacking ever since 1789, when internationalists plunged that country into the terror of class revolution.

Compiled by Stephen Naft

AGED VIRTUE

PLEASANT the looking back upon our sins
In all their rainbow forms.
When the sad chastity of age begins,
How we regret the storms!

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

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PORK DISEASE, A NATIONAL MENACE

By Thomas C. Desmond

Chairman, New York State Trichinosis Commission

For thirty years government officials have been warning the American people to "beware of pink pork" and to "cook pork thoroughly." The advice has gone unheeded. Investigations by Surgeon General Parran's white-frocked scientists indicate that the United States has the largest trichinosis problem of any nation in the world — that *trichina*, the wormlike pork parasite, infects more than 21,000,000 Americans.

These facts constitute a menace and a challenge. In terms of physical consequences, they decidedly outweigh some of the more obvious national problems which make the headlines day after day.

Turn back the years to 1835. In a London dissecting room, a freshman medical student named Paget, barely twenty-one years old, is peering through a pocket lens at a piece of human muscle. He sees a gray speck. Closer inspection reveals it to be a coiled worm, a parasite until then unknown to man. But Paget, destined to achieve international fame as a surgeon and pathologist, was unaware of the significance of his discovery. Trichina, the parasite that resembles a coiled hair, was looked upon merely as a zoological curiosity. Not until twenty-five years later was it established as the culprit in a painful and sometimes fatal muscle disease. Today, more than a century after the trichina worm was first discovered, we are still in the dark on many phases of trichinosis. We do not know how to diagnose it accurately. We do not know how to cure it. We do not know exactly how bad an infection must be before causing serious harm. We are just now beginning to learn how to prevent trichinosis on a scale commensurate with its prevalence.

We do know how the disease is acquired. The parasite that Paget discovered is found in man, hogs, dogs, rats, cats and bears. Trichinosis is transmitted to human beings almost solely through hogs, since the meat of other animals infected with trichinae is rarely eaten

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by man. Thus the primary cause of human trichinosis is the eating of trichinae-infected pork chops, fresh ham, pork loins and sausages, and other pork products, including those great American institutions, the hot dog and hamburger.

Doctors tell us that there are three stages of the disease. The first, when the organism develops to maturity in the intestine, after ingestion into the human body, is characterized by nausea, diarrhea, intestinal hemorrhages and severe abdominal pains. Later, when the larvae produced by the adult parasite rush through the blood stream, they cause fever, muscular pain, inflammation of the eyeballs, swelling of the legs and face. The third stage, during which the worms encyst in the muscles, may in serious cases be marked by delirium and coma. The symptoms mentioned here are those most commonly observed, but many others may show up.

The diversity of symptoms, in fact, has been a source of embarrassment and confusion to medical men. In a recent epidemic of trichinosis, a majority of cases were diagnosed as influenza, grippe or sinusitis before the error was discovered. Lacking a reliable diagnostic test, physicians have confused trichinosis with some fifty ailments, ranging from typhoid fever to acute alcoholism. That pain in your arm or leg may be arthritis or rheumatism, but it may be trichinosis; that pain in your back may mean a gall bladder involvement, but it may mean trichinosis. Some day doctors may be armed with an accurate test for this imitative disease, but at present diagnosis is largely a matter of hit-or-miss.

Because the disease is not easily recognized, and because all recognized cases are not reported to health authorities, precise figures on the prevalence of trichinosis are not available. The best evidence of the prevalence of the infection in man is found in the results of studies conducted by the United States Public Health Service during the past four years. "One in every six human specimens examined in the laboratory," Surgeon General Thomas Parran stated, "have been found infected with trichinae." Applied to the population at large, these figures mean that more than 21,000,000 Americans have been infected sometime during their lives with the pork parasite. Several hundred thousands of these cases, according to reliable estimates, have been serious enough to cause severe illness and sometimes death. When New York City Health Commissioner John L. Rice declared trichinosis to be a "major

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public health problem" he was not being alarmist, but coolly factual.

No cure for the pork disease is known. In their search for a cure scientists have tried ultra-violet rays, X-rays and various drugs and serums. So far their work has been fruitless. But the unrelenting determination with which medical men are trying to find a cure must some day be rewarded with success. Today, when a doctor is confronted with a trichinosis case, he generally administers a purgative to remove some of the adult trichinae from the intestinal tract. Unfortunately medical treatment is useless, except to alleviate pain, once the larvae have gained entry to the circulatory system or have lodged in the muscles.

II

The picture, however, is not entirely gloomy. Trichinosis can be prevented. Ultimately, when government and the public tackle the problem vigorously enough, it can be reduced if not altogether eliminated.

As individuals, you and I can protect ourselves from the microscopic pork parasite by adhering to a simple rule: *Don't eat pork or pork products unless they are thoroughly cooked.* How can we be certain that the meat has been sufficiently heated? Simply by remembering that the color tells. When fresh meat is heated to a temperature of 163 degrees Fahrenheit, it loses entirely its pink or blood-red color and turns gray or bleached in appearance. Trichinae are destroyed by 137 degrees of heat, and the difference of 26 degrees represents our safety margin. If you should, while cooking pork, forget this color test for trichinae, remember that thirty-minutes-per-pound is an approximate guide to adequate cooking of large thick cuts of pork. The best procedure is to use a meat thermometer.

As a nation, however, we cannot remain content to make the war on trichinosis a matter of individual option and private responsibility. We cannot continue to rely as we have in the past solely upon warnings to the public to cook thoroughly. That course has been followed for many years, but trichinosis is still a major danger to the national health. It is time to mobilize Federal, state and local governments for a concerted attack against the pork parasite with all the legislative, administrative and scientific weapons available. Our agricultural and health officials must be made to shoulder the responsibility of stamping out the disease.

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A beginning has been made. This year the State of New York created an official Trichinosis Commission to combat the disease at its source. It is the first such official body in the country. The Commission, which the writer heads, is working along three main lines: (1) to prevent the feeding of uncooked garbage to hogs; (2) to establish a state meat inspection service; and (3) investigation of a trichinosis skin test for hogs. The most logical point of attack against the coiled parasite at the present time seems to be to stop hog-raisers from feeding uncooked garbage. Our chances of getting trichinosis are ten times greater if we eat a pork chop from a hog raised on cooked garbage than if that chop came from a grain-fed hog, twenty times greater if the chop came from a pig whose garbage meals had been uncooked. Canada has long required the cooking of garbage fed to hogs. This prevents swine from eating uncooked pork scraps containing trichinae. Today, Canada is virtually free from trichinosis, while along our own Eastern and Western seacoasts, where hogs are commonly fed uncooked garbage, trichinosis is widespread.

What about Uncle Sam's meat inspection service — doesn't that protect us from the pork disease? The answer is mixed. Federal authority extends only to meat which enters interstate commerce. This automatically excludes from its supervision one-third of the meat consumed in this country. In addition, Federal regulations requiring destruction of trichinae apply only to pork products customarily eaten without cooking, such as ready-to-eat hams, Canadian style bacon, capicoli, and Italian style hams. The legend "U. S. Inspected and Passed" on fresh pork or on ordinary varieties of cured pork which we generally cook is meaningless as far as protecting us from trichinosis is concerned. Action by state and local governments to supplement Federal regulations is therefore essential. Processing of intrastate pork products is just as important as that of interstate pork products.

Why does not the Federal government require processing not only of pork products customarily eaten without cooking, but also of all those generally cooked before eating? The answer is that the enormous expense of such a regulation is prohibitive and would cause pork prices to rise enormously. Complete protection against trichinosis probably will not come until scientists develop an accurate, inexpensive and rapid skin test which will enable veterinarians to determine

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whether a pig is infected with trichinae. Once such a test is available, it would be given to all slaughtered hogs, and those found infected would be processed until all trichinae are destroyed. The scourge could thus be entirely removed. The New York Commission is now investigating two such skin tests, recently developed by government scientists, to determine their effectiveness and their cost. If these do not work out, others must be sought. The fight cannot be permitted to lapse. The armies of trichinae parasites which invade our swine and infect our people must be destroyed. Popular pressure on officialdom to speed the war is necessary.

Why Democracies Lose Wars

On May 10, the very day that Germany invaded Holland, the liberal anti-Nazi Basle *National Zeitung* published the following reassuring dispatch:

> Amsterdam, May 9. — Circles close to the government emphatically deny rumors being spread abroad about a plot discovered in Holland. It has been declared that a potential danger exists in that certain important personalities might betray the government if Holland were involved in the war. This minority, of whom the government is not quite sure, is very small, however. As the government has no legal means of dissolving certain organizations, it must limit itself to the detention of a few individual terrorists. The Hague considers the external situation as unchanged, but special indications of threat toward Dutch neutrality are non-existent at present.

Muddled Words

You remember Nelson's signal: "England expects that every man will do his duty." Good! But suppose that that signal had been drafted by one of our fat-word-breeders in Whitehall, that signal would have run thus: "England anticipates" — nobody can say "expects" today — "that with regard to the current emergency, personnel will duly implement their obligations in accordance with the functions allocated to their respective age-groups." — *A. P. Herbert, M.P.*

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THIS CELLOPHANE AGE

By Isabel Lundberg

Hair brushes, toothbrushes, alcohol and mineral oil, soap by the cake and soap by the dozen, aspirins, vitamins, sponges, facial tissues and toilet tissue, cough drops, floor mops or doorstops — no matter what you buy these days, you take cellophane with it, whether you want to or not. At the rate this peekaboo covering is being slapped on things it will soon be a novelty to find something you can buy *au naturel*. Even the lowly tomato blushes behind cellophane windows in boxes. It seems like yesterday (it was really 1932) when cellophane was the butt of every jokester. A *New Yorker* cartoon had a father surveying his new, beribboned offspring in the arms of a nurse and demanding, "What! No cellophane?" There was the magazine *Ballyhoo*, in a cellophane jacket; its editor, Norman Anthony, had himself done up in cellophane for the news photographers. Gone are the gags of yesteryear. Cellophane is now as familiar as the common cold, and as ubiquitous.

Ironically, the oldish chemist who invented cellophane (he was sixty-one at the time, 1900) never intended to wrap anything in it; in fact, wasn't looking for it at all. Monsieur J. E. Brandenberger has been variously reputed to have been seeking (a) a new soilproof tablecloth, and (b) a substance that would give fabrics a shiny surface. Since M. Brandenberger was practicing chemical engineering in a textile factory, these motives may have been the two sides of the same coin. He wanted a slick surface for his figured textiles, to protect them from soil and bring out their colors. He started playing around with a cellulose solution, but he could not make the stuff stick to the fabrics. What he had on his hands instead was a brittle sheet of viscose, the base from which rayon is made.

Twelve years of chemist Brandenberger's life, and no one knows how much cash from the French *Comptoir des Textiles Artificielles*, went into the research hopper before cellophane, in almost its pres-

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ent thinness, was ready for the market. By that time the inventor had taken out patents in almost every country in the world, including the United States. E. I. du Pont de Nemours brought cellophane to America, as they had brought rayon before it, with the cooperation of the *Comptoir*. To make the first American cellophane the *Comptoir* sent not only two of its partners and M. Brandenberger, but French machinery, Frenchmen to operate it, and even a bespatted salesman to promote the new product.

In 1924 American cellophane was going under its own steam and, hard as it is to believe, the going was tough. The first mass-selling campaign was a flop. Cellophane, at $2.65 a pound, was too expensive; so expensive that an early purchaser used to keep his supply in the safe. On luxury items like costly perfumes, the margin of profit might cover the extra two or three cents' cost of a cellophane wrapper, but on a loaf of bread the margin was wiped out. It took a year to get the price down from $2.65 to $1.75 and to capture cellophane's first mass-production job — candy. Bread followed next, and the sales curve started climbing. Cakes were the first casualty. In plain cellophane (and there was no other) store cakes turned to rocks.

How produce a moisture-proof cellophane? One William Hale Charch, engineer, set himself the task. After more than 2000 experiments he found what he wanted, in a combination of nitrocellulose and wax. A coating of this solution, applied to plain cellophane, made it moisture-proof. Beginning in 1923, the makers of cellophane began publicizing "That New Wood Product" in their own magazine. In 1926 the *Du Pont Magazine* carried photographs of bacon, sausages and frankfurters in cellophane packages. Two years later it produced pictures of herring and other fish similarly encased, and in the fateful month of October, 1929, the magazine sported photos of cellophane-wrapped dates and prunes. United States meat packers displayed none of that daring so often claimed for native entrepreneurs. A Canadian firm was the first to package bacon in cellophane, in 1925. Du Pont salesmen had to flood the American market with carloads of the Canadian product to get the idea over to local packers. The advent of moisture-proof cellophane brought Mr. Clarence Birdseye into camp as an enthusiastic rooter, and cellophane still protects Birdseye frozen foods.

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Cigars came very near eluding the du Pont grasp. They were doing nicely in shiny foil wrappers and, more important, machinery had been perfected to put them in those wrappers. It was touch and go for a while until the same machines were adapted to put cellophane instead of foil around the brown Havanas. By the summer of 1929 scarcely a cigar in the country was left in a state of nature, and manufacturers had to recall unsold stocks and send them out again wrapped in cellophane. But cigarettes did not follow automatically in the wake of cigars. The competitive advantage had to be demonstrated. Camel's $3,000,000 "humidor pack" campaign broke the deadlock. Lucky Strikes followed. Old Golds, on the double dose principle, came out in two coatings of cellophane.

II

It was the depression, however, that really made the yen for transparency a national passion. Said *Business Week* astutely, "a bear market for merchandise is a bull market for merchandising ideas." Cellophane's place among those ideas was clear when the U. S. Rubber Company announced late in 1930 that it was wrapping its highest grade tire in cellophane, and Cannon Mills brought out towels and washcloths in cellophane covers. Skyrocketing demand forced the du Pont Company in 1931 to begin eight additional $100,000 production units at Buffalo, New York, to supplement its output in Richmond, Virginia, and Old Hickory, Tennessee. In the same year the demand for sylphrap, cellophane's new twin, started the Sylvania Industrial Corporation building a $1,000,000 addition to its plant in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Sylphrap, for the record, was first manufactured in May, 1930, under the American rights to a Belgian patent.

Nevertheless, cellophane still had to prove its business-getting advantages. Some of the tests it was put to were outlined in *Transparent Wrappings as a Sales Aid for Food Products*, issued by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in 1932. A manufacturer would have one of his boxes wrapped in cellophane, or would have a chain store wrap his product. If the sales of the item increased, he would then go back to the old wrapper or no wrapper, to see whether sales held up or fell off. Except for a few manufacturers whose products "tended to become messy" in their cellophane coats, the consensus indicated a marked

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rise in sales as a result of visibility. Visibility in turn demanded an improvement in the goods displayed, and improved appearance created new demand by attraction. The grocery chain which showed an increase of 2100 per cent in the number of doughnuts sold in two weeks, discovered that women who had no urgent need of doughnuts bought them on impulse because they looked inviting in their transparent packages. Pies in a paper pie plate covered by a transparent disc inveigled housewives into tripling their pie purchases in six months. Even celery hearts and cauliflower sold better in a shimmery, transparent wrapper.

But have you noticed bread? There is a reason why most loaves of bread, if they are wrapped at all, are usually *not* wrapped in cellophane. If the loaf visible inside the wrapper is not perfect, a golden and even brown, the housewife will have none of it. It is a practical impossibility in large-scale baking to insure absolutely uniform color in the crust, or the absence of an occasional flaw or bubble on the surface. Transparency is therefore no help. Some makers of rye, cracked and whole-wheat breads use cellophane and take their chances; one ingenious firm in the East, selling a dusky "health" bread, uses a saffron-tinged sheet. But most of the big bakers of white bread have gone back to waxed papers, with bright-colored designs on them.

By 1931 plain cellophane was down to forty-five cents a pound, the moisture-proof to seventy cents, and a list of the articles wrapped in it, according to a contemporary survey, included

> the original documents of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, and would tail off into an insane jumble of violin strings, plated silver, golf tees, suspenders, shorts, hot-water bottles, shoe laces, spark plugs, rose bushes, lumber, mops, candles, tapioca, pie, baby carriages, and a de luxe edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

The du Pont Cellophane Company asserts that "sales have at least doubled every year of the company's history."

III

Cellophane has a way of turning up in the most unexpected places. Scientists have discussed the use of cellophane roll films as a substitute for lantern slides, and as a film for use in a projection lantern. A research professor at Brown University discovered that cellophane of the thickness of a cigarette wrapper made a fine membrane on a pneumatic tambour for recording the

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breathing of white rats. Sheets of cellophane served in an experiment conducted at the Connecticut Agricultural Station to determine "the wave length of light responsible for producing the sun-red pigment in maize plants of a certain genetic composition." Ten colors of cellophane, plus white, were used, and each young shoot was placed in a hood of a different hue. The manufacturer has calculated, to a thousandth of a degree, the light-transmission properties of each and every color. According to a Johns Hopkins Hospital doctor, cellophane surpasses the best glass for transmitting ultra-violet rays.

Because it is insoluble in water, impermeable to greasy substances, and unattackable by ether, alcohols or alkalies, cellophane found its way into surgery as early as 1914, in France. The product hadn't been on the American market a year before it had made the Missouri State Medical Association *Journal*, and ever since it has been the subject of learned discussions in medical publications.

Scratch almost anything, and find cellophane: in the manufacture of dental plates, in ultra-violet ray screens, as a lining in gas cells for balloons and dirigibles, in colored spotlights for stage lighting. Walk into a brokerage office and look up at the stock quotations as they slide across an illuminated screen in the wall. What are you looking at? Cellophane. The "ticker tape" is cellophane in a continuously moving strip that is carried in front of a projection lens. Even the theatre is no stranger to cellophane. When the curtain rose on the Virgil Thompson-Gertrude Stein opus, *Four Saints in Three Acts*, the Broadway audience gasped at the dazzling *décor*—done entirely in cellophane by Florine Stettheimer. A few years later, in one of the Mordkin Ballet numbers danced by Patricia Bowman, the Willis, spirits of young women who died of unrequited love, achieved their ethereal quality with bands of translucent cellophane wound about their arms and hair. One piano manufacturer will deliver a baby grand shimmering in cellophane tied with a big red bow, if you so wish. Certain chic New York shops display their imported models against silvery portières made of cellophane. W. & J. Sloane, Fifth Avenue decorators, have a fabric that is 100 per cent cellophane, and another of cellophane combined with chenille; they once had chairs upholstered in woven cellophane.

If there is such a thing as cellophanitis, America probably has it.

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A list of just everyday articles cellophaned for looks or other reasons reads like a page of Carl Van Vechten: golf balls, evening bags, emery boards, electric heating pads, men's pajamas, cranberries, sink stoppers, electric razors, lamp shades, hat stands, Mickey Mouse, dress shirts, rice, nail polish, tacks, cocktail shakers, noodles and books.

Europe has, however, two exclusives. France makes her motion picture film of cellophane. And Germany in 1939 began to make sausage casings out of cellophane instead of natural animal matter.

BOY IN A COAL CAR

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

Out of the smoke-blue field of timothy
I came to the railroad track with its hard brightness
Diminishing on the upward grade and ending
In smoky hazes to the west. A freight
Passed, heading west, and head and shoulders above
The edge of a coal car, I saw him watching me.
He was young and bareheaded, his hair like ripe wheat blowing,
And I saw white teeth flash in a smile. He waved.
He was on his way. . . . Two hundred years ago
A head like that might have been at the prow of a ship,
Tingling with spray and the sea wind, facing the world.
One hundred years ago a head like that
Might have faced the west from the seat of a covered wagon.
And twenty-two years ago such a head might have lifted
Out of a trench and shouted, "Come on, you fellows!
Do you want to live forever?"
The freight rolled by
In a cloud of dust and I thought of the whirled dust blowing
Into his face and his hair like ripened wheat. . . .
Only the dust we had trampled and wheels had ground
Blowing into his face as he turned to the west!
Perhaps he could see through it. He was on his way.
Just motion is better than standing still with a weight
Sagging the shoulders. His head was against the sky.
I waved to him — and the freight had thundered by.

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THE WAR HORSE RETURNS

By Major Robert Ginsburgh

The tattoo call that the amateur strategists sounded for the horse at the end of the first World War has not been followed by taps. Instead there has come a reveille, announcing a new day for the cavalry charger and for his heavier ally, the artillery draft horse. More than six million horses, it is estimated, served in the World War armies in various roles. And an order for four thousand cavalry and two thousand artillery horses was reported from St. Louis on the day after President Roosevelt signed the neutrality bill lifting the embargo.

The call for horses has come out of the very campaign which demonstrated the machine at its deadliest. To those who did not look behind headlines, the German conquest of Poland appeared merely as a smashing victory for the mechanized engines of war, the plane, the tank and the combat car. To the professional soldier who must delve into the details of military operations it becomes equally evident that without the horse the brilliant strategy of the *Blitzkrieg* would not have sufficed to conquer the Polish army. The horse played the traditional role of supporting and exploiting the initial successes of the flying mechanized columns, and clinched success for the campaign. Germany moved into Poland with more than 200,000 horses. Every infantry regiment had more than 500 of them. Of the 240 divisions available to the Third Reich when the *Blitzkrieg* hit France and the Low Countries, more than 200 used animals for draft and transportation. Cavalry statistics on the Western conquests are unavailable, but Nazi propaganda photos, including pictures of the Paris occupation, showed the presence of horses in large numbers.

In invading Poland on the ground, the army first sent infantry divisions; and at this writing a German infantry division calls for more than 3800 animals. Behind the combat cars rode the horse cavalry to consolidate and hold the captured terrain. Then came more infantry, afoot or on truck, sup-

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ported by horse-drawn artillery and animal transportation to consolidate the gains. Germany had used the horse in its well-established military role. It had remembered the dictum of Ludendorff, who attributed his failure on the Western Front to the lack of cavalry: "Without cavalry it is impossible to reap the fruits of victory." Within the frame of changed conditions, that dictum has not been forgotten in other *Blitzkrieg* drives.

To the popular mind the World War still recalls titanic trench battles featuring hand to hand infantry combat. To the military student, the picture must be supplemented by charging horses, in attack and defense, pursuing the enemy here and delaying his progress there. During the World War, more than 100 cavalry divisions were engaged in the various theatres of operations. Specifically, on the Western Front, we find that Belgian, British, French and German cavalry was employed; on the Eastern Front, Russian, German, Austrian, Rumanian and Bulgarian cavalry. Cavalry also played a large role in Serbia, Italy, on the Macedonian and Caucasian fronts, in Mesopotamia and at a dozen other points.

Here are a few striking illustrations of the use of cavalry during the World War. At the beginning, in 1914, ten French cavalry divisions covered the mobilization and concentration of the French armies, while ten German cavalry divisions preceded the advance of the German armies. After the French launched an offensive against the German left in Lorraine, the cavalry corps of General Conneau covered the interval between the First and Second Armies when they retreated, and prevented a misfortune from terminating in a disaster. It was a single French cavalry division, the Sixth, which played the principal role in this battle, repelling every German effort to pierce the French lines. Again, in Champagne, in the center, another French cavalry corps held a breach of fifteen kilometers between the Fourth and Ninth Armies. During the entire Battle of the Marne, the French Ninth Cavalry Division and a small fraction of the Sixth masked this breach against the advance of the German Third Army. In the British retreat from Mons, five brigades of cavalry delayed the German advance until the main forces could be reorganized. During the Race to the Sea, ten French and three British cavalry divisions fought and marched continuously to stop the Germans, who used practically all of their ten cavalry

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divisions to extend their flank. During the German drive of April, 1918, the main body of the French Second Cavalry Corps of three divisions marched seventy-five miles the first day to the assistance of the British; and in sixty hours it had covered 125 miles. It engaged the enemy for fifteen days and stopped the German advance in that sector. In 1918 the French cavalry in Macedonia stopped the retreat of the German Eleventh Army; and the Italian cavalry corps cut off the escape of the Austrians after the battle of Vittorio-Veneto. The campaign in Palestine showed the horse at his best. Allenby's chargers carried out every difficult assignment with courage and precision. They gave a remarkable exhibition of endurance. The Fifth British Division, for instance, in thirty-eight days marched 567 miles, fought in six actions and captured 11,000 prisoners.

These examples of the use of cavalry in the World War do not give a complete portrayal of the part played by the six million horses in 1914–18. It must also be remembered that they were used to draw guns and caissons, forage, rations and ammunition, and to drag or carry on their backs reels of telephone wire, machine guns and other battle necessaries.

America was represented on the Western Front by but four cavalry regiments, the Second, Third, Sixth and Fifteenth. Of these, only the Second got into a fighting sector. It carries on its streamer battle honors for St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne offensives.

II

In building up its present army, Hitler's Third Reich considered fully the usefulness of the horse, not only in the campaigns of 1914–18 but in the wars of the last few years that presaged the coming of the present European struggle. Experience in Ethiopia and in Spain had proved conclusively to the Germans that the advent of the machine did not do away with the need for animals. In northern Africa, Italy had introduced the most highly mechanized and motorized army that had ever taken the field, but before it was able to win it had to call upon horses, camels, asses and mules for supply and evacuation. In the capture of Neghelli, capital of Galla Borana, and of Ras Destas, headquarters and general supply depot, the Genoa dragoons and the Aosta lancers performed in characteristic horse cavalry style. They had been transported three hundred kilo-

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meters by motor, unloaded, saddled, mounted and posted on the flanks of light, fast tanks. The machines made the frontal attack, horses charged on the flanks, and victory followed.

In Spain, Franco began his campaign with six squadrons of cavalry and ended with sixty. In mountain fighting and in mopping up isolated positions, Monasterio's famous cavalry veterans proved invaluable. Perhaps the most spectacular attack by mounted horsemen in this campaign took place when Franco's insurgent Moors, hurled against Teruel, stampeded the loyalist army in one minute and a half.

Horses, therefore, are again being mobilized by the millions by all nations. Exact figures may not be obtainable, but there is sufficient evidence that Germany has at least a half million horses in the army, and Russia even more. On a visit with the French armies before their defeat, a newspaper observer reported the presence of 4000 animals in a typical infantry division, or one horse to four men. The American embargo had hardly been lifted when a French commission appeared in the United States on a quest for animals.

In the World War, the American farm proved an ideal market for animals for the Allies and later for the United States. Between 1914 and 1919, more than one million horses were exported, most of which reached the European battlefields. In quality, endurance and performance they were by far the best of the animals that fought on the Western Front. America still stands out as one of the greatest horse markets in the world. With the possible exception of Russia, no country can equal it. We have on our farms approximately 11,000,000 horses and 4,500,000 mules. While still an appreciable number, this represents a shrinkage of approximately 40 per cent since 1920, when we possessed more than 25,000,000 animals. The competition of the tractor, automobile, and improved machinery, in addition to changing methods of cultivation, is principally responsible for the reduction of work stock. For 1940, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics notes prospects of an even greater decline. Increase in tractor competition, declining prices for horses, inroads of disease in some sections and a decreased colt crop in the previous year were the basis for the rather gloomy forecast.

While America faces a steady decline in the number of horses both for domestic use and for export, Germany and Russia are dividing the greatest animal spoils.

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in modern history. In the spring of 1939, Poland had approximately 4,000,000 head of horses, of which one fourth were animals under four years of age.

In comparison with our own 11,000,000 horses, those now available to Germany are far superior in general military value. While we have given sparingly to the Army Remount Service toward the improvement of the breed for possible army use, Germany, Russia and the erstwhile Poland have devoted themselves intensively and extensively since 1918 to the development of horses in type, quality and conformation to meet possible war needs. In buying horses for the American Army, our remount officers are compelled to reject 98 per cent of those inspected for purchase. A German officer on a similar assignment would find that almost 50 per cent of the horses now in his country would meet the rigid military tests. Perhaps we have yet to learn that a cavalry mount can not be made simply by putting a flat or McClellan saddle on a Barney Google Spark Plug, nor an artillery draft horse by hitching old Dobbin to a caisson. Yet our horses are still a great military asset; though not as outstanding, relatively, as in 1914–18, they are an important national defense factor.

In our country, where we have an abundant supply of machines and gasoline and of animals and fodder, there is every reason to exploit the possibilities of both motors and horses for combat. The accepted cavalry dictum calls for both horse and mechanized cavalry to supplement each other. It recognizes the superior road mobility of the combat car and its ability to operate at great distances from the main forces. It realizes, however, that in moving cross-country, through fields and obstacles along narrow trails, in thick forests and in the mud, the horse is superior.

The American army must be prepared to fight in any theatre of operations in continental United States, Alaska, the Panama Canal Zone, and in our islands. The current dictum of hemisphere defense practically pledges the availability of America's armed forces anywhere in the American continents in the maintenance of the cooperative peace. That means that our army must be able to move where no roads are available, through swamps, jungle, mountain trails and the vast expanses of wild country. In such fields of operations, the horse is important. To quote from Major General Robert M. Danford, Chief of Field Artillery:

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> For light division artillery, the horse still remains superior as a prime mover off roads, through the mud, the darkness and the rain. He does not scrape open his belly on a rock. He does not fall off an embankment. He does not smash his head against a tree and he still works a bit longer when his fodder is exhausted.

The question of horses versus motors is becoming purely academic. The war of today calls for both. Major General John K. Herr, Chief of Cavalry, has stated this fact clearly:

> It seems obvious that the machine can not eliminate the horse but that both the mechanized and horse cavalry will be used in future wars in such proportion as is best adapted to the special situation as regards animal resources, industry and the probable theatre of war for each nation. As for ourselves, it is obvious that with our resources of more than 10,000,000 horses and the greatest motor industry in the world we should have all we need of both types of cavalry.

At the beginning of this year, our Regular Army had less than 17,000 horses. Including those in the National Guard and in the college ROTC units, the horse population of the army totaled less than 24,000.

Army men naturally have a sentimental and traditional attachment to the horse, and most of them are delighted that the present trend indicates that he is destined to remain a member of the military team for years to come. They prefer the single living unit that is always responsive, that has no spare parts and needs no tinkering, to the lifeless machine that sputters and dies when it loses its feed.

The proper care and maintenance of the horse is not, however, a simple chore. Nor can it be learned in a brief training period. Horsemanship is a rare art and is not found in abundance among the young men of America who would be called upon to serve in an emergency. And where in America can we recruit the saddlers and horseshoers indispensable to horse cavalry and horse-drawn artillery? Obviously a nucleus of well-trained horsemen must be available for immediate service on M-day, and it is toward that end that both the cavalry and the field artillery are still working.

NOTE: *The opinions expressed and conclusions drawn herein are the author's and should not be taken as expression of official War Department views, or necessarily those of the service at large.* — ED.

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION: We are not among those who believe that the fate of our nation will be decided at the ballot boxes in November. Certainly it matters who will occupy the White House after 1940, but we do not believe that it matters to the extreme extent claimed by the tub-thumpers and doom-criers on both sides. The Battle of Britain, it seems to us, is more crucial for America's future than the battle for the Presidency. Our ability to unify the Western Hemisphere for a likely economic war of attrition against a Hitlerized Eastern Hemisphere will affect our ultimate destiny more profoundly than the outcome of the election. Whether American democracy can stamp out the group hatreds, the bigotries, the totalitarian propagandas now spreading through the land will be more decisive for our national future, in the final check-up, than the party label on the next Administration.

Since the White House will play an important role in relation to these larger over-all problems, it is obviously of great moment who will be President. Our point, however, is that this role will not be played along Democratic or Republican, New Deal or anti-New Deal lines. Of necessity it will be played along the lines of national interest on a plane above party politics. Already party lines have broken down on all larger issues, such as the war or relations with Canada and Latin America.

It is fairly clear by this time that the essential innovations of the New Deal will remain even if Mr. Willkie becomes President. His acceptance speech at Elwood, Indiana, left no doubt of that. Besides, not even the most hard-bitten hater of the New Deal believes that the basic principles of relief for the unemployed, collective bargaining, aid to the farmers, greater government regulation of business and investment, etc., can be reversed. And the non-essential features of the New Deal are likely to be toned down, if not cast out, even if Mr. Roosevelt remains President. The need for effective large-scale defensive production makes that inevitable; only the exigencies of these pre-election

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months have prevented such New Deal reforms of its own ideas earlier. On nearly all matters affecting our position in connection with the World War, the Republican candidate obviously holds views not much different from Mr. Roosevelt's. The bitter opposition to those views cuts sharply across party lines. We need only read the names on the various committees for helping the Allies, for keeping America out of the war, for promoting universal military training or preventing such training, to realize that the distinctions between the major parties and even between pro- and anti-New Dealers are in large measure artificial.

There is unquestionably a real danger of appeasement sentiment developing in our country. Already the Munich psychology is growing here: the gospel of success as its own justification has a powerful hold on the American mind and operates to reconcile us to the "reality" of the Hitler-Stalin-Mussolini-Mikado combine. But the assumption that appeasement will necessarily be pushed by Wall Street or Big Business is gratuitous. It is just as likely to come from Labor and Left intellectuals and self-styled revolutionaries. At the moment, for instance, the more vociferous appeasers include such an odd assortment as John L. Lewis, Colonel Lindbergh, Norman Thomas, Father Coughlin, Senator Norris and Earl Browder. The election clearly will decide nothing in this respect.

Similarly, not one of the overall issues on which the fate of America hinges is at stake in the Presidential contest. Those issues will remain to be decided no matter who is elected.

WHY GERMANY WINS: We met a military economist of some reputation who had published several books and a raft of articles proving that "Germany can't win." How come, we asked unkindly. "Well," he explained, "I've rechecked all my facts and figures and find that they were absolutely accurate. I didn't really underestimate Hitler's strength — I underestimated the democracies' weakness." And come to think of it, the alibi is not as silly as it seems at first glance.

MURDER AT COYOACAN: The communist press, whether in the USSR or the USA, was utterly obscene in its treatment of Leon Trotsky after his murder at Coyoacan, Mexico. *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, the *Daily Worker* and the rest gloated over the corpse like so many ghouls. They spat insults into the dead face of the

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founder of their Soviet fatherland. There was not a trace of generosity toward the man they had once idolized and finally killed.

In a curious way Stalin's long-distance execution of Trotsky is symbolic of the totalitarian epidemic spreading through the world. Trotsky's Mexican home, as everyone knows, was fortified and carefully guarded. It is not generally known, however, that the fortifications were greatly extended after the abortive assassination attempt against the Russian exile on May 24th. A military engineer supervised the new defensive measures. Fifteen-foot battlements were constructed, with observation towers, gun emplacements, machine guns and gates electrically operated from the towers. But Trotsky's Maginot Line proved futile. He was conquered by a dirty Trojan Horse trick — a GPU assassin worked his way into Trotsky's household and killed him with a pickaxe at his own table. (There is even reason for believing that the assassin contributed money to help defray the cost of the elaborate Maginot Line!) The parallel is obvious. It was thus that Norway, Holland, Belgium and France were conquered. It is thus that we shall ourselves be conquered unless we destroy the Trojan Horsemen.

Trotsky's brilliant brain had long frightened the conniving mediocrity enthroned in the Kremlin, so he reached out and dug that brain out of its skull, literally, with a pickaxe. In a twenty-three years' record of brutality and moral corruption — for which Trotsky himself must share the blame — this act is especially revolting only because it is the latest and freshest. It is fantastic that we in America should continue to treat the American communists as a legal political party. They have no more right to such tolerance than any other international gang of criminal marauders. Our complacency is not "democratic" but suicidal — it's the sort of complacency that cost democratic France its life.

If Stalin's American agents merit a place on our ballot and the prerogatives of a recognized party, then why not Hitler's American agents as well? They are equally abhorrent. It is high time that *all* the sworn enemies of democracy — red, brown, black, silver or any other color — whether they call themselves communists, Bundists, Christian Fronters or Mobilizers — be denied the run of our national household. It is better to be called red-baiters and brown-baiters now than to explain later that we had been too gullible. — E. L.

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AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

A VALUABLE contribution to Political Science is offered to the American people through the public-spirited Los Angeles *Times:*

> With wise, wholesome, well-bred, warmhearted Wendell Willkie we will win. Willing workers welcome Wendell Willkie. Worthy women, wives, widows, waitresses want Willkie. Waiting, workless workingmen wager Willkie won't weakly wabble, wasting worthless words. With watchful Wendell Willkie we will wallop weird, wandering, waving will-o'-the-wisps. Wriggling wasters will weave wrecking webs, whispering wildly when witnessing Willkie's wide wagon well-weighted with whooping, whistling Willkie workers. Windy, weightless windbags weakly waver. Watch Willkie's wave. Weigh well Willkie's well-chosen words. Washington will welcome Wendell Willkie. We will win with Willkie.

OHIO

MORE notes on higher education, from a college news release out of Columbus:

> Ohio State University deans will compete Saturday night in their annual milking contest, as a feature of the Little International Livestock show conducted by students in animal husbandry. Defending champion is Dr. B. L. Stradley, dean of the college of arts and sciences, and last year's runner-up, Dean John F. Cunningham of the college of agriculture, will be out to recapture the honors for his college. Other deans also will be competing, and Governor John W. Bricker and President Howard L. Bevis of the university have been asked to serve as honorary judges.

MISSISSIPPI

THE Greenwood *Commonwealth* mildly deprecates a hotel-lobby fist-fight between Editor Frederick Sullens and Governor Paul B. Johnson of Mississippi:

> The affair was undignified, and the spectacle of a governor flat on his back in a hotel lobby with a citizen undertaking to pummel him, is not very good publicity for the state.

RELIGIOUS note from Corinth, as reported by the pious Durant *News:*

> Up in Corinth the Mayor and Aldermen are having quite a bit of trouble. The Board passed an ordinance recently prohibiting taking children for a ride on the fire truck as a reward for attending Sunday School.
>
> The mayor says it's a crying shame, that it's perfectly safe for the children, and besides the town has two fire trucks—and only one takes the children out at a time, while the other stays on duty to answer calls at the fire station. So he vetoed the ordinance, saying that they owed their children something or else they ought to pass an ordinance prohibiting their birth.

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NEW YORK

AMERICAN business once again demonstrates its zeal for realism, according to the New York *Journal-American:*

> A Bean and Chicken Party will be held in the Blue Room of the Hotel Woodward, Broadway and 55th st. by the Ford salesmen of the New York division of the Ford Company, on Monday. The novelty of this dinner is that salesmen in the higher brackets will eat a chicken dinner while those in the lower brackets will have a bean dinner, from bean soup to bean pie.

WHAT Shakespeare missed — an ad received in the mails:

> BEST HELPS FOR POETS
>
> Supreme Versification Course, $2.50. Patterns For Poetic Thought, $1. Classical, Modern Meters $1. Sonnet Origins, Variations, 75c. Refrains, Tail Rhyme, Envois, 50c. Figurative Language, 50c. Success With Poetry (For Profit) $1.25.

ILLINOIS

ORNITHOLOGICAL disputation in the erudite letter columns of the Chicago *Tribune:*

> Referring to the letters your subscribers are writing about feeding the birds and watering them on these winter days, I think that if a bird is too lazy to fly south for the winter with the regular birds he deserves to starve or freeze, whichever he prefers.
>
> ROBERT M. CHASE

* * *

> In your column a gentleman says: "If the birds are too lazy to fly south in winter they deserve to starve or freeze." If he would read Matt. vi., 26, he would find that God takes care of the birds, tho not by throwing crumbs down to them. He expects Christians to do the work for Him.
>
> GRANDMA B.

TEXAS

THE advantages of trading with the Good Luck Realty company are explicitly set forth in a San Antonio *Light* advertisement:

> AUTO KILLED HUSBAND
>
> And crippled his wife. Bronco broke son's neck. Widow must sell farm of 43 acres. Three-rm house, garage, orchard, chicken yards, hog pasture, cow sheds. Located 18 miles S. E. San Antonio. Only $1000. $100 down, $10 mo. including everything.
>
> GOOD LUCK REALTY

EXTRA-CURRICULAR activities in Texas institutions of the higher learning, as reported by the San Antonio *Light:*

> San Antonio Junior college was in deep mourning Monday. The college colors were at half mast and the shoulders of manly students bowed in grief.
>
> Razdover was dead. A careless foot of certain large proportions crushed the college mascot, injuring it fatally. . . . The student body was ready to follow the victim to its last resting place Monday.
>
> Razdover, the mascot, was a cockroach.

A TOUCH of romance is brought to business in the Dallas *News:*

> Red-hot love nest, 2 rooms, bath, all conveniences. A Jim Dandy buy for $1250. Eze terms. South on Second-

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ave, to Spring, left two blocks to Cross, left one block to 2702 Cross, red light on front porch.

PENNSYLVANIA

LOCAL veterans of trench horrors find worse perils at home, according to the Williamsport *Sun:*

The matter of nude dummies in dress shop windows in the city has been called to the attention of Mayor Leo C. Williamson.

The mayor received a letter from Garrett Cochran Post No. 1, American Legion, asking his cooperation in having the Police Department notify several merchants to stop the practice of displaying nude dummies in their store windows.

Legion officials cite the moral problems confronting juveniles and feel that if the matter is called to the attention of the merchants, window dressers will be more careful in the future.

THE Muse of Poesy touches a Brother Elk, Milton Lodge No. 913:

INVITATION TO MILTON ELKS' RED LEATHER BAR

Come all you Elks from near and far,
And gather 'round Milton's Red Leather Bar;
Where you may frolic and have lots of fun,
Whether wearing fine feathers, or just plain homespun.

And remember the number, good old 913
Swell for you fat boys as well as the lean;
Also the women, God rest your souls,
For you we have EVERYTHING, even coffee and rolls.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

CHINA

STYLE note from the advertising section of the Shanghai *North China Daily News.*

What friend will ever forget you for saving his life? A present that will last a lifetime. A waistcoat that is guaranteed bulletproof is the kind of present to give a friend. It's genuine; it's permanent; and it's appreciated. The E-W brand of bullet-proof vest.

GERMANY

THE German music historian, Robert Haas, explains it all in his latest book, *Die Musik des Barocks:*

The traditionally old religious polyphony reaches with each new union with a monodic plummeting into the last causes of the perception of emotion for such powerful arches, that its choral power virtually exhales medieval breath; this accouplement of mastering the tone weave, which recalls the art of the Hollander but is now instrumentally well established, with amonodical independence arrested in pictures of almost systematical obviousness, appeared to the younger generation, already consciously enlightened, as bombastic and muddled.

(THE MERCURY *will pay $1 for items accepted for Americana. Those which are not used cannot be returned.*)

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DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

The Importance of Swamps

This morning I was looking into a well. It was a good well, and an old one, dug out and walled perhaps a hundred and twenty-five years ago, fashioned with the patient craft and massive sturdiness that were once upon a time characteristic of country building and hewing and delving. The well was many fathoms deep, that its water might have the coldness of the inner earth, and it was as broad across as the length of a man's body. The stones that lined it were worn smooth by the uncountable passages of the well-buckets, raised and lowered, raised and lowered, to fetch up the cold earth-sweet water for generations of thirsty plowmen, sun-hot hired hands, weary threshers of grain. This morning, holding a lantern, I peered down the well's dark shaft — feeling a damp coldness come up, and a smell of sunless stones and the deep-thrusting roots of neighboring trees — and I could see that the bottom of the well was as dry as the summer-burnt surface earth on which I stood.

"Got to go deeper nowadays, to get at water, than grandfather used to." That is the way the farmer put it to me this morning, and he is right. It is not only his particular well, into which I looked today, that after a century of furnishing earth-cold water out of its dark, moss-walled depths to every thirsty comer, has now become only a dry earth-pit. In region after region, at depths where formerly water was infallibly to be tapped, no water now exists. "At the breaking point between the humid and arid areas," says the report of a government investigation, "along a north-south strip in line with the Red River of the North, there has been discovered a drop in the underground water table from ten to thirty feet." In Indianapolis the static level has dropped from twelve feet to as low as fifty-six. In sections of the Prairie States, where forty years ago a man could sink a well five yards in the earth and have access to unfailing water supply, he now must dig down fifteen or twenty.

A drop in water table can come

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about from various causes; but largely, in many and many a region, it has been brought about by man's impetuous insistence on altering, for reasons of esthetics or whim or simple greed, the natural arrangements of his planet, and by his failure to understand the nature and purpose of the kind of earth-area called a marsh. Almost as heedlessly as he has laid waste the trees, bringing erosion of the soil, or as without foresight he has trapped and shot and snared, extirpating species after species of his country's native birds and animals, man has undertaken to do away with the swamps and marshlands that he found unpleasing or that he thought might more profitably be supplanted by realty developments and filling stations. An enormous energy and a great many millions of dollars have been devoted to tremendous ditching and draining projects — as many as a hundred million acres subjected to drainage in a single year — and in innumerable areas the great bogs and bayous that existed for centuries before man's coming have been overnight made into dry land. The consequences of this reckless enterprise are many, and they are worth considering. Man has not yet been able to bring upon himself complete catastrophe. But in southern Minnesota the lake levels have already been lowered by five to eight feet, and Lower Klamath, where there used to be ring-billed gulls and grebes and white pelicans, is now only eighty thousand acres of scorched alkali, and this morning I looked into an earth-shaft where there used to be cold clear water and where there is now only dust. It is not amiss to think about these things . . . about the nature of marshes and what happens when they are injudiciously removed.

II

A man may easily forget, when he gets his drinking water by turning on a chromium faucet in a city, that the source of water is in the earth, and that the earth has to have means, in the nature of things, for conserving and stabilizing the supply. It is maintenance and stabilizing of the water level that is probably the most important function of a marsh. The rain that falls on marshland does not run off quickly, flowing into rivers and thence away, but is largely held and given time for slow infiltration into the soil. It seeps deep into the earth, giving replenishment to the great subterranean water table, feeding it with a slow, steady supply such as cannot be furnished by

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those drained regions whence the rain's run-off is almost immediate. A single pound of marsh moss can hold eight pounds of water, and a marsh is thus at once a reservoir against drought and, by slowing tremendously the rate of run-off in time of deluge, a deterrent against flood. Its role in the preservation of natural moisture balance is not less important than that of the trees — the oaks and elms and beeches that in a day can suck up from the deep earth through their great drinking roots a ton or more of water, and then through their leaves give it off again into the atmosphere to be dropped as rain on the parched surface of the soil.

With the draining of a marsh, there is no longer slow seepage of the moss-caught rain to feed the neighboring ponds and streams in drought season. The marsh drained, these dependent bodies of water may go dry. Rainfalls run quickly off now; there is no chance for the slow infiltration which keeps static the water levels of interior earth. The water table of the region falls, and wells that were formerly unfailing are now not deep enough to be dependable in drought. Presently, with the lowering water level, the trees may begin to go. A tree can thrust its roots down, seeking water to drink, to a depth of ten or fifteen feet; it cannot thrust them down fifty or sixty. There is no water now for the questing roots to find, and the shrinking of the soil has exposed above the surface the trees' great spread-roots with which they brace themselves against the wind. Thus now, the marsh gone, the trees may follow; and the vapor that was made by drinking roots and cool green leaves is withdrawn from the atmosphere. Time on time, in place after place, that has been the pattern of desert-making.

As man has vigorously gone about the draining of his salt marshes and fresh-water swamps, there have resulted here and there not only the lowering of water tables and the drying of wells and the vanishment of trees. There have resulted hundreds of other changes, indirect consequences, biological chains of linked events. They are not pleasant to think about. As marshland has been turned into high, dry soil, the widgeon grass and sago pondweed and salt marsh grass — foods of the wild ducks that on their long migration flights have always relied on the marshes for resting and feeding sanctuary — have withered and been exterminated, giving place to great growths of rank fleabane and similar weeds. There is hardly a single species among the wild

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ducks and geese that does not at some time during the year depend for its life on access to swamp and marshland. In region after region such access is now denied; and the head of the Biological Survey pointed out as long as seven years ago that it was becoming impossible for the ducks to spread out over a great range of country, as had been their way when there were many swamps. Instead they must gather thickly in the few restricted swamp areas left to them, thus offering easy target to the thirteen million licensed hunters annually intent on their destruction. If the black ducks and the mallards and the blue-winged teal, haunters of cool swampy places, seekers of pondweed and the seeds of bog plants, are not as many now as once they were, the reason is at least in part man's eager removal of the marshes that used to give them haven.

The creatures and vegetations that depend on marshland are innumerable. The swampy lowlands are the living place of muskrats, the sleek-furred little animals whose pelts in a single year have been marketed in Louisiana to the number of six million. It is to the marshes that pheasants go in severe winter, when the uplands are deep-buried under snow, for cover and food; it is in the salt marshes that willets make their nests of reeds, and sandpipers and curlews feed; it is from the salt marshes that many an oyster bed receives the lessening of sea-salinity that is necessary for its prospering. Swamps are where the companies of traveling warblers on their Spring and Fall migration flights come down for rest and to seek insects; and it is of course only in the wet, black earth of marshy lands that there can flourish the delicate stemmed violets and green blooming jack-in-the-pulpits and wild water lilies that are among the country's loveliest wild flower heritages.

Man has not chosen to think very much about things like this. In his anxiety to do away with the marshes, creating new areas of usable farmland to replace other areas that he had wasted, or achieving dry land whereon could profitably be constructed hot dog stands and tourist cabins, he has not elected to reflect on the consequences of his burning of the soil. But it is good to think twice about such action. It is good to remember that marshes do not exist purposelessly, any more than do trees or rivers or singing birds, and that man undertakes heedless interference with these natural arrangements only at his peril.

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THE LIBRARY

Brahmins, Vampires and Shantyboaters

By Burton Rascoe

One of the most endlessly fascinating books in my library is *Who's Who in America*, Volume 21, which has just been published.[1] It is like *The World Almanac*. I hate to have to look up anything in either of these books of reference, because when I do, something always catches my eye which has nothing to do with the information I am seeking, and first thing I know I have idled away an hour or so, picking up all sorts of curious knowledge which will never be of the slightest use to me even if I should become a permanent fixture on a radio quiz program.

To give you an example: early this morning I wanted to find out what small American towns William Seabrook, Ben Lucien Burman and Van Wyck Brooks were born in. I had one of those cockeyed, highbrow notions you sometimes get before breakfast, which would probably appeal to Waldo Frank or Archibald MacLeish as being very profound: maybe you could explain these men and the subjects they chose to write about by the character and location of the towns they came from. I fancied it would have to be a particularly dreadful sort of small town to make Willie Seabrook want to go all the way to Kurdistan and live among the devil worshippers to get away from it.

But I can tell you right now that the highbrow notion I was going to try to palm off on you is a lot of horsefeathers. You might say it was inevitable that Ben Burman would take to writing about inland rivers and steamboats because he was born in Covington, Kentucky, which is on the banks of the Ohio. But it doesn't prove a thing, because there are a lot of people born in river towns who don't even like rivers or steamboats. I'll bet Ben would have begun writing about something else if his first book, *Mississippi*, hadn't clicked so well

[1] *Who's Who in America*, Vol. 21 (1940–1941). *The A. N. Marquis Co.* Chicago. $10.00

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that editors and publishers got into the habit of thinking of Ben whenever they wanted something written about steamboats or life on our great inland waterways. Ben can write well about anything he knows enough to write about, and he knows a lot of things besides river life. He's just stuck with the subject, now, and it isn't because he was born in Covington at all. But he is good at it.

You might even go so far as to say that there may have been something about the noise and industrial hum of Plainfield, New Jersey, where Van Wyck Brooks was born, which made him identify himself with Mark Twain who, he thought, went through a great ordeal; or that there was something lowbrow about Plainfield which made Brooks want to write about the culture that once flowered in and around the ease and quiet of Concord, Massachusetts. But still, I am dad-burned if you can blame Willie Seabrook on the nice little village of Westminster, Maryland!

Anyhow, while looking up these birthplaces in *Who's Who*, I wondered what had become of Henry Chung De Young. Henry has been missing from *Who's Who* since Volume 17, which was back in 1932. There seems to be some mystery about this, since Mr. De Young is not listed as deceased, but with an asterisk, which merely indicates that he did not return the *Who's Who* sketches of himself which were sent him for verification.

I became interested in Mr. De Young in 1927, while thumbing through Volume 14 of *Who's Who.* Romance, adventure, achievement, mystery have been associated with him in my mind ever since I first happened upon that short biographical sketch. The parts omitted from those bare statements of fact stimulate the imagination.

In the first place, De Young was not his name, originally. He was born the son of Yon Poke and Si Le Chung in Soon Chun, Pyeng Ahn Province in Korea, on February 28, 1890. The Supreme Court of the United States granted him authority to change his name from Chung Chung to Henry Chung De Young in 1923. Henry, who had come to the United States when he was fifteen, was first graduated from Teachers' College, Kearney, Nebraska. He went from there to gain both an A.B. and an A.M. from the University of Nebraska, a fellowship in economics at Northwestern, and a Ph.D. from American University, Washington, D. C. He married Lillie E. Lawson of Muskogee, Oklahoma, on June

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3, 1924. He was elected envoy to the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 by the Koreans residing in America, Hawaii, Mexico, China and Russia; but for some reason not explained, his departure was blocked by cables from Secretary Lansing to the State Department. It is gratifying to learn, however, that in 1921 the State Department permitted him, as a member of the Korean delegation, to attend the Limitation of Armaments Conference inWashington. Mr. De Young, a Presbyterian, belongs to the Authors' Club and the Civic Club in New York and the National Press Club in Washington. He is the author of *Korean Treaties*, *The Oriental Policy of the United States* and *The Case of Korea*. His latest business addresses in *Who's Who* are: Western States Life Insurance Building, San Francisco, and Continental Trust Building, Washington, D. C. His home is given as Kearney, Nebraska.

Ah, but these brief biographies in *Who's Who* do stir the imagination and awake the mind to achievement! Incidentally, I'll tell you one of my own achievements: I made A. N. Marquis stop holding out on us about himself in his standard reference book. In 1922 I publicly pointed out, in a review of *Who's Who*, that Albert Nelson Marquis, its founder, declined to give us any more information about himself than that he is a publisher with a Chicago address.

Ever since that rebuke, Mr. Marquis' biography in *Who's Who* has occupied about an inch and three-quarters of space. He was born on a farm in Brown County, Ohio. Left an orphan in infancy, he was reared by his grandparents on his mother's side and was educated in public and private schools. He began his business career at an unspecified early age in his grandfather's general store in Hamerville, Ohio. After the death of his guardian, he ran the store from the time he was 18 until he was 21. Then he went into the publishing business in Cincinnati, later removing to Chicago, where he founded *Who's Who* in 1899, and remained sole owner, until incorporation in 1926, of the A. N. Marquis Co. He married Harriet Gettemy Morgan of Monmouth, Illinois, in 1910. They have no children. A Republican, he was formerly president of the Hamilton Club and belongs to the Union League Club. He has been Editor-in-Chief of *Who's Who* ever since it started. Although the questionnaire sent out to those who are tapped for its columns requests date of birth, Mr. Marquis so far has declined to give this informa-

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tion about himself. He is one of the few men who omit his age, although many women do.

II

Former small town American boys all, Seabrook, Brooks and Burman, each with a jolly good new book to his credit this season,[2] certainly illustrate the diversity of cultural pursuits and entertainment available to Americans. Such have been Willie Seabrook's hardened and multifarious experiences among weird cults all over the world that he is nonchalance itself when, on being invited to lunch by a man like Aleister Crowley, he is greeted by a woman who at the moment is "on the astral plane of Astarte" and, as Willie says, naked as a jaybird; or if he perhaps finds another naked woman hanging by her wrists from the ceiling to induce astral wanderings, in the same room where Seabrook and Crowley calmly drink whiskey and soda. Nor is he surprised, while resting after a swim in which he has cut his shoulder against a jagged rock at Antibes, to have a beautiful female companion suddenly go crazy, fasten her lips on his shoulder wound, suck his blood and announce she is a vampire. Awful fancy begins to try to picture what sort of an evening it would be if a party could be arranged to include one of Burman's shantyboatmen, one of Brooks' flowers of the Indian summer of New England culture, and one of Seabrook's scions of British nobility who is under the delusion of being a werewolf.

Brooks' *New England Indian Summer* is the richest, most charming of his studies so far, better even than *The Flowering of New England*, for all that Brooks depicts, with a pitying sympathy, the disintegration of the influence of the Brahmin-sponsored literature and learning which set high standards of taste and behavior for American life until the factories came. There is pathos in his picture of the inheritors of the Boston and Cambridge tradition of liberalism with a classical background. They began to lose ground. In a greedy new acquisitive age, men of energy and imagination had little time for things of the mind and spirit. They began to leave social ideas and the arts to the women. Degeneration of the cultural dogma proceeded at such a rapid pace in New England that cults not far removed from those described by Seabrook

[2] *New England Indian Summer*, by Van Wyck Brooks. *E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.75. *Big River to Cross*, by Ben Lucien Burman. *John Day.* $3.00. *Witchcraft, Its Power in the World Today*, by William Seabrook. *Harcourt Brace.* $3.00.

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appeared to take the place once filled by the "Concord group," Brook Farm and Transcendentalism. The heroes of Brooks' late flowering of New England culture are Francis Parkman, Emily Dickinson, William Dean Howells (an immigrant from Ohio), Henry James and Henry Adams; and these and lesser lights he brings to life in an environment carefully studied and recreated. It is a picture of a corner in a by-gone world, tenderly and expertly painted.

Now that the witch-hunt of war hysteria is on and evidence of subversive activities is being looked for everywhere, even in Hans Carvel's ring, it is probable that Ben Burman's slyly humorous and infectious *Big River to Cross* is, of the three books under review, most open to the charge of being propaganda designed to undermine the defense and security of the commonwealth. I confess it has just about subverted me. These shantyboaters Ben so enticingly tells about, in the first place, are agin' the g'uv'ment no matter whether it is Democrat or Republican. There are about 30,000 of them, Ben estimates, but you can't get any actual figures on their number because they scoot away like a water spider at the approach of a census taker or any other "furriner." A shantyboater's income per family averages about $8 cash a year. Yet they eat well, live healthy, leisured and adventurous lives and don't give a hoot in hell whether they close the Burma Road or not. Ben, who has a Mississippi River pilot light named after him, by the way, makes the shantyboater's way of life seem mighty enticing. And he writes so delightfully about riverboat captains, roustabouts, engineers, river towns and other aspects of life on the Mississippi that I don't see why I am hanging around here listening to the promises of Roosevelt and Willkie.

Hitherto Seabrook, a dilettante diabolist, amateur cannibal, voodoo initiate and investigator of witchcraft, sorcery and black magic, has always left some essential unexplained in his eyewitness accounts of voodoo ritual murders, zombie encounters and miracles of deviltry. He has conveyed the impression that there are supernatural agencies at work which can't be explained by science. Willie has always sort of sidewhispered that he is hep to an all-fired lot of secrets which he dassent tell about because he has sworn not to in his own red blood and might be turned, if he tattled, into a Gila monster or something, or maybe wake up some morning

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and find he has been pierced through the heart by a mysterious dagger, been buried six feet underground and resurrected to become a zombie, or living dead man.

Now, however, Seabrook has studied psychiatry under Drs. A. A. Brill and Smith Ely Jelliffe. He has watched that master magician, John Mulholland, perform "miracles" — mere tricks, Mulholland says, which he could teach anybody were he permitted to do so under the rules of the International Society of Master Magicians — fifty times more astounding than any Seabrook has ever seen a witch-doctor perform. And he has come to the scientific conclusion that the "props" and incantations of demonology are without any power for either good or evil, in themselves, but are potent means for inducing fear in those who believe in the efficacy of such rites. Thus he says that whereas it is impossible to kill a man by stabbing the man's photograph with a knife, burying the photograph during a certain phase of the moon and reciting certain rituals of hexerei, it is quite possible that *if the man hears about it*, and *if he believes in hexerei*, he will waste away and die, commit suicide slowly or quickly. And the "murder" will be just as real as if the "murderer" had actually shot or poisoned his victim. The power of the ritual is in exact proportion to the capacity of the victim to believe in its potency; without that belief both the ritual and its activator are powerless.

Seabrook, for the first time in his life, has become something of a moral crusader in this book, believing not only that charlatans do great harm to the minds, as well as to the pocketbooks, of credulous or susceptible neurotics, but that cult leaders who believe in their own hocus-pocus are dangerous agents of evil, causing misfortune and death and driving people to suicide and the insane asylum. He thinks something should be done about it. And I also think it's high time. But *what?* We see the basic principle of hexerei being enacted all around us; a parent thoughtlessly keeps implanting in a child's mind the idea that the child is mean or stupid; a "friend" undermines another's self-confidence by forever telling about that person's fault or poor appearance, for his "own good." The contrary effect of stimulating self-confidence is also observable — occasionally. Try it just once, today, for a change.

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THE CHECK LIST

BIOGRAPHY

AN NAMED GRANT, by Helen Todd. . *Houghton, Mifflin.* The first non-fiction to win the Houghton, Mifflin $2500 rary Fellowship Award, and a most excellent choice it is. Adhering scrupulously he known facts in the life of Ulysses S. nt, the author writes this biography as ugh it were a novel. Far from being a duct of the debunking school of history, story takes due account of Grant's weak- s and mistakes, his almost criminally cent trustfulness of others, and depicts tragedies of his life over which he tri- hed through great inner moral courage.

HE BRIDGE: MY OWN STORY, by Ernest Poole. $3.50. *Macmillan.* The accent and odor of that knight-errantry of reform linked with names like Lincoln Steffens, William English Walling, the earlier Upton Sinclair, are in this autobiography of the author of *The Harbor.* Poole was a boy in the Chicago of the 1890's and even then aware the miseries of the many, though himself in comfort. That awareness exploded into social indignation that impelled him to settlement , muckraking, underground Russia of he Tsars' sworn enemies; and each of his dventures in saving the world produced ction, some of which will live. *The Bridge* is mellow, nostalgic, puzzled record of a satis- ying life.

HE BIG SEA, by Langston Hughes. $3.00. *lfred A. Knopf, Inc.* This autobiography of a egro poet, who has been everywhere and as met nearly everybody of the white phisticated artistic set in New York, Lon- on, Paris and Antibes, is honest, good- atured, intelligent and entertaining. There no book more nostalgically revivifying than Hughes' on the Drunken Decade of the 1920's, with its speakeasies and stock gambling in New York, its Surrealism and American expatriates at the Dôme and Rotonde on the debased franc, its Josephine Baker and "eegh leef" in Montmartre, its vogue of primitive African woodcarving in London, its Harlem craze of New York's ermined speakeasy society. Hughes' reflections on Negro snobbery and interracial class and color discrimination dispels much cant of the communists about Negroes. Hughes is a brown Negro who has in him the blood of a Jewish slave trader, named Silas Cushenberry, of a Scotch distiller named Sam Clay and of an English paternal great-grandfather, Captain Charles Quarles of Louisa County, Virginia, who had several colored children by his colored housekeeper. African Negroes refused to accept Hughes as one of them because of his color; and the Negro literati have consistently attacked him and his work. He has found patronage and appreciation almost exclusively among the whites. An historically and socially, as well as humanly, interesting life story.

GIRL REBEL, the autobiography of Hsieh Pingying. Translated by Adet and Anor Lin, with a foreword by Lin Yutang. $2. *John Day.* Miss Hsieh, at the age of thirty generally considered one of the foremost writers of modern China, is now actually a veteran soldier on the Hupeh front. She is the embodiment of modern Chinese youth, particularly of the modern young woman of China. Theirs has been a spiritual revolution almost as astonishing as if the Boston Brahmins should suddenly turn head-hunters, wear nothing but loincloths, and indulge in voodoo rites. For the revolt of Chinese youth was a revolt against thousands of years of Chinese morals

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and customs — ancestor and family worship, filial obedience, caste, female subservience to the male, etc. Miss Hsieh's revolt is (unheard of!) against a headstrong mother whom she loathes and her tradition-bound father, much more than for or against any theory of government. A runaway, a brilliant journalist, a starving revolutionist, a trench fighter sharing the mud, lice and thin rations of rice with common soldiers from the provinces — what a daring life for a beautiful, talented and well-educated girl, brought up in the luxurious home of a great Chinese scholar!

FICTION

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT, by Walter Tilbings Clark. $2.00. *Random House.* This is this department's candidate as the most exciting fiction "discovery" of the year. Owing nothing to the style or manner of the best of the slightly older generation of novelists, young Clark steps forth boldly as a superb craftsman, a master of telling dialogue with a narrative style as clean and useful as a hound's tooth. The story is built around a vigilante lynching bee which actually occurred in California in 1885, and he makes of it a powerful drama full of psychological implications. It is a story of a clash of wills and of mean and noble motives.

WEEVIL IN THE COTTON, by Samuel M. Elam. $2.00 *Stokes.* You've never read a genuinely hard-boiled novel until you have read this one about a shyster, a cracker politician and a scoundrelly newspaperman who get control of a town in the deep South and begin to pull some tricks so dirty that Huey Long never even thought of them. This fast moving novel, in which sentences have almost the impact of brass-knuckles, leaves us disturbingly aware that one doesn't have to go to Germany or Russia to see brutal force outraging all the principles of decency.

BUT WHO WAKES THE BUGLER? By Peter De Vries. $2.50. *Houghton, Mifflin.* A farcical squib on the war in the breast of every *homme moyen sensuel* who wants to get married but also wants to avoid it if he can. Fairly amusing burlesque on the wiles [illegible] women and their willing victims.

MISCELLANEOUS

WHERE ARE THE CUSTOMER[illegible]'S YACHTS? By Fred Schwed Jr. Illustrate[illegible] Peter Arno. $1.75. *Simon & Schuster.* Pri[illegible] intention of the author, who has been [illegible]ployed in a Wall Street brokerage hou[illegible] ten years, is to amuse, in which effort h[illegible] ceeds at least mildly. The reason there [illegible] a belly-laugh on every page is that basicall[illegible] this is one of the soundest books on the s[illegible] market and finance available anywhere. W[illegible] you think he is kidding, Mr. Schwed is [illegible] he is being more soundly informative [illegible] Stuart Chase or John T. Flynn.

IDLE MONEY, IDLE MEN, by S[illegible] Chase. $2.00. *Harcourt.* Mr. Chase [illegible] attention to the millions of dollars of c[illegible] lying idle and useless in our banks, no g[illegible] the owners because it draws no intere[illegible] good to the country because idle men c[illegible] be employed without the use of this prod[illegible]tive capital. He gives us a plan for putting th[illegible] money to work, and incidentally calls atten[illegible]tion to the growing insecurity of our livin[illegible] standards if something isn't done, and soon.

THEY WANTED WAR, by Otto D. To[illegible]schus. $3.00. *Reynal & Hitchcock.* The mo[illegible] pertinent articles and dispatches of the mo[illegible] intelligent American reporter in Nazi Ge[illegible]many (until his expulsion recently) are he[illegible] presented between the covers of a book. Th[illegible] fact that the material, mostly written [illegible] "spot news," retains its flavor and has acquire[illegible] an even heightened significance is the be[illegible] recommendation for the book. Mr. Tolischu[illegible] of the New York *Times* understands what h[illegible] reports. He sees the Hitlerian "exaltation [illegible] Germanism" as a deep-rooted phenomen[illegible] rather than an erratic accident. Its appetite [illegible] he believes, will not be satisfied by the co[illegible]quest of this or that area: the Nazi syste[illegible] "must, like a bicycle, keep on moving [illegible] fall." Mr. Tolischus therefore supports ful[illegible]

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the view that America cannot appease the new Germany, but must meet its impact sooner or later head-on.

DEMOCRACY AND THE THIRD TERM, by Fred Rodell. $1.50. *Howell, Soskin.* Professor Rodell, a member of the Yale Law School faculty, has written this little pre-campaign book showing that the third-term bugaboo is a myth. There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent a man from serving ten terms or more if the people will elect him. Moreover, contrary to the legend, Washington was *not* the founder of the third-term tradition. The only words he ever expressed on the subject were that he was *in opposition* to Jefferson's view (Jefferson was the only Founding Father who had strong feelings against a third term) and that he saw no reason why an efficient, healthy and able chief executive should not be eligible for the job as long as people were willing to vote for him. But the myth is potent and whatever side is out always uses it for all it is worth against the ins.

WHAT'S DEMOCRACY TO YOU? By Joseph Gollomb. $1.75. *Macmillan.* Again the miracle of a volume attacking totalitarianism without mentioning the facts of life in Stalin's democratic paradise. As a sample of current mixed-up thinking among unhappy fellow-travellers this little book has a certain clinical fascination.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PUBLIC OPINION, by Harwood L. Childs. $1.75. *Wiley.* A study by an associate professor of politics at Princeton of the theory and technique of moulding the public mind. Professor Childs cites the press-agenting of the New York World's Fair as the masterpiece of promotion work. Here is a private enterprise which, through adroit propaganda and promotion, got federal and city subsidies, and so millions of dollars worth of free advertising, from a plug on New York motor license plates to boosts by newspapers, magazines, radio companies and soap distributors. Give Professor Childs an ironic footnote for the next edition of his book: The directors of this private enterprise gave the boot before the year was out to the man, Perley Boone, who was responsible for the masterpiece of press-agentry which Professor Childs celebrates in such detail.

MOBILIZING CIVILIAN AMERICA, by Harold J. Tobin and Percy W. Bidwell. $2.75. *Council on Foreign Relations.* The most comprehensive study, to date, of government control of everyday life in wartime. Beginning with a review of the mobilization of industry, finance, thought and everything else in 1917–18, the authors analyze the likely course in the next war. The book is exceedingly well organized and even for the layman makes easy and absorbing reading.

BEHIND THE SCENES OF MURDER, by Joseph Catton, M.D. $3.00. *Norton.* Dr. Catton, who is Clinical Professor of Medicine at Stanford University, often called by court or counsel for expert testimony, here examines, as a psychiatrist, such notorious murderers as Ruth Judd, William Hickman, Pasquale D'Angelo, and Dorothy Ellingson. A new angle in the literature of homicide and an absorbing one.

MASTERS OF THE DRAMA, by John Gassner. $3.75. *Random House.* A book about dramatists and the theater from Aeschylus to O'Neill. There are twenty illustrations, from a picture of the present ruins of the open air theater at Epidaurus to one of Lee Simonson's settings for *Amphityron 38.*

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY

NARRATION WITH A RED PIANO, by J. Calder Joseph. $.50. *The Little Man Press.*
THE GREEK LETTER, edited by Helen Reese. $3.00. *Henry Harrison.*
POEMS ABOUT MAINE, edited by Sheldon Christian. $1.50. *Henry Harrison.*
THE HEART'S RENEWAL, by Stanley Richardson. $.40. *Henry Harrison.*
PATTERN OF A DAY, by Robert Hillyer. $2.00. *Knopf.*

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THE OPEN FORUM

ABOUT OUR AIR POWER

SIR: I have read Major Seversky's article with great interest. He has long and varied experience in aviation, ranging from combat experience in the World War to the design and manufacture of aviation instruments, appliances, and complete airplanes. His opinions are entitled to respect and his conclusions should carry considerable weight. I hope they are carefully studied by those charged with formulation of our national policies.

JACOB E. FICKEL
Brigadier General, Air Corps
Washington, D. C.

(Note: *The writer of the following letter, a high naval authority, has asked that his identity remain confidential.* — ED.)

SIR: The significant thing to me about Major Seversky's article is that it employs, in common with many other pleas for a so-called separate air force, arguments which do not bear examination from the viewpoint of the realities of the case. For instance, he agrees that the Navy and the Army should each have its own "air arm" to be trained to work with the sea and land forces, respectively — in which I think he is eminently correct. He then advocates, in addition, a separate air force, although such a force obviously can not deal with objectives in the air, but only on the surface of the sea and of the land, which, it must be admitted, are the proper objectives of the corresponding sea and land forces.

Above all, national defense must be integrated to be effective, which means that the surface objectives of the so-called separate air force must be integrated with those of the sea and land forces in the interest of that singleness of purpose and unity of action which is indispensable to success in war oper[illegible] The fact that certain surface objectives m[illegible] be beyond the immediate sphere of action o[illegible] the sea or land forces in no way alters the necessity that such distant objectives shall be dealt with in such a way as to fit in with the plans of the sea and land forces. Otherw[illegible] *there can be no singleness of purpose and unit* of action.

A NAVAL OFFICER
Washington, D. C.

SIR: I fear that the Naval Officer misunderstood me. I did not say that the Army and Navy should have their "air arms." I merel[illegible] indicated that certain auxiliary airplane[illegible] necessary to the older Services would re[illegible] under their own direction. Today the Arm[illegible] has under its aegis certain types of boats fo[illegible] transport and other Army purposes; th[illegible] Navy controls the Marines, though they ar[illegible] troops for land action. By the same token the rigid exclusion of all aircraft from th[illegible] older services would be silly. I ask you to note also, that the Naval Officer's arguments fo[illegible] keeping Air Power subordinate apply just [illegible] *much to Sea Power. By his own logic,* t[illegible] Navy should be merely a branch of the Arm[illegible] But all that is beyond the point, which is th[illegible] need for an independent Air Ministry, u[illegible] hampered by the deep-rooted loyalties a[illegible] ways of thought of the other Services. At th[illegible] writing the great air battle over the Brit[illegible] Isles is under way. The British Army a[illegible] Navy are helpless onlookers. With this gr[illegible] lesson before our eyes, how can we contin[illegible] to keep the Air Power subordinated? An[illegible] with a bit of imagination must see that th[illegible] grim lessons of that battle apply also to N[illegible] America — it's just a matter of scale!

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Real unity will be achieved when Air Power is independent — not independent of the Higher Command — but in the sense that Army and Navy are now independent.

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY
New York.

SIR: I have read with a great deal of interest and pleasure the article by Major Seversky. Major Seversky is widely experienced in air matters and is blessed with an unusual amount of foresight, and anything that he has to say on the subject of Air Power should receive thoughtful consideration by your readers. I believe the article to be a very timely one and congratulate you for including it.

DALOS C. EMMONS
Major General, Air Corps
Washington, D. C.

HITLER AND AMERICA

SIR: In many a day I have not read such a powerful article as your "Hitler's Blueprint for a Slave World" — such a true, clear and able exposition of Adolf Schickelgruber's fanatical visions. It is *must* reading, particularly for isolationists, be they Congressmen or Lindberghs, and I long for the means by which to place it in their hands and compel them to digest it.

THOMAS E. THRASHER, JR.
Lt.-Col. U. S. Marines (Ret.)
New York.

SIR: The long article by your editor on Mr. Hitler's "blueprint" for enslaving the world, and especially America, is a good sample of the [illegible]ing hysteria unfortunately sweeping the nation. Mr. Lyons is much too smart to believe what he writes. Which means that he is writing such inflammatory stuff deliberately, to spread fear and upset nerves and bring the country nearer to the brink of war.

Without defending the course of Nazi Germany, I can as a good American protest against the assumption that it will attack the United States. Why should it? With Europe, and maybe most of Asia and Africa under German domination, Mr. Hitler will have enough to keep him and a few generations of successors busy consolidating and utilizing the gains. I am not saying that he is a man of peace, but that he is a statesman, more interested in knitting together his gains than in expanding them. I am convinced that nothing would please Germany more than to trade with America, to normalize relations and stabilize the world. Again, that would be good statesmanship on its part, because only on such a basis could Nazi Germany make use of the fruits of its victories.

Mr. Lyons has built up a picture by putting together a lot of unrelated statements, many of them unauthenticated (Strasser, Rauschning, etc.) — but realities are stronger than words. The reality is that Germany needs the cooperation rather than the enmity of the Western World.

MERVYN J. MILLER
St. Louis,
Missouri.

THE UNKNOWN WILLKIE

SIR: What an acute state of national nervous strain is reflected in the suddenness of Mr. Willkie's emergence from a non-political career to the billboards and banners of the presidential campaign! As I write, we assiduous news readers and radio listeners still know him largely as a dark horse, although two months have passed since the G. O. P. climbed aboard his sable band wagon to the lure of a Hoosier drawl and a confident smile.

This letter is a plea neither for nor against Mr. Willkie's adequacy in the present crisis. Before it is published, I hope, his campaign speeches will have clarified the obscure portion of his program. But can any of your readers suggest in American history a presidential nominee of a major political party who was less known and understood than Mr. Willkie when he was suddenly thrust up into the limelight?

In an hour of national perplexity, Mr. Willkie's sheer novelty had much to do with his appeal to distraught citizens anxiously looking

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beyond familiar leaders — men obviously puzzled, like ourselves — for someone, somewhere, who might have Aladdin's lamp. The cheers that swept Mr. Willkie from the *Information, Please* program into the nomination and perhaps the White House were cheers of hope rather than knowledge. This is no fault of Mr. Willkie's. But the nation's readiness to enlist a man about whom we knew so little showed us to be even closer to hysteria than we perhaps realize.

H. F. JORDAN

Chicago.

A MESSAGE FROM JAPAN

SIR: I should like to add a brief postscript in corroboration of Mr. Robert Smith's fine article, "We Can Stop Japan." Public opinion in this country takes it for granted that an official American embargo on all war materials would infuriate even the most liberal Japanese to a dangerous war pitch. And yet — less than a year ago I was in private interview with an internationally known Japanese in Tokyo. One of a small but powerful minority in that country, he was horrified by the war in China. For obvious reasons, I cannot state his identity. He made the following statements, intensely serious:

"I want you to return to your country and beg your people to place a complete embargo on all war materials to our government. We who are fighting our own military do not have our people behind us, for they know nothing of our crimes against China. We fight alone and in secret. A physical restriction upon our 'incident' may be the one weapon with which we could force our army out of power. Do not fear that we will wage war upon you for your act. My people are war-weary, in no mood for conflict with the United States. An embargo would really be an act of mercy to us as well as an act of justice to China."

In later interviews with intelligent Japanese of the anti-war caste, I heard the same sentiments echoed and re-echoed. And yet, with a new law in effect by which every individual shipment may be controlled, freighters are daily weighing anchor from American ports loaded with scrap iron for the Japanese war machine.

JOY HOMER

New York.

PACIFISTS WITHOUT WAR

SIR: Some of your readers may have seen current French cinema entitled *That They May Live*, which was completed in France just before the outbreak of the war and banned in that country. It is one hundred per cent pacifist propaganda — the macabre tale of a war-embittered Parisian scientist, who, maddened by his country's headlong rush towards a second world war, calls forth the dead soldiers of France from their 20 years' sleep to halt the imminent conflict. A strange picture to come out of France, it gives a pretty strong idea of the power behind her pre-war pacifist movement.

Most of us agree that pacifism in France contributed to her military downfall. At cross-purposes with her national war effort and leavened by clever Nazi propaganda, the movement had merely combined with the opposing militarism to produce something very like chaos.

Today France's military machine is dead. So are her hopes and her pride. But surprisingly, the pacifist movement still goes on. Strange news comes from France. Letters have arrived from famous French leaders of pacifist organizations, who early in the war were given prison terms. A group of them met a few weeks ago in southern France. Two or three had been set free from Paris jails by the incoming Nazis, possibly as potential agents of appeasement. Others had been released by the French from prisons in unoccupied territory. Why? Apparently these men are for the first time *persona grata* to their government. Are the French authorities performing an act of chivalry, or perhaps indifference? Or do they recognize the need for positive men to rebuild their country, men who went willingly to jail for their principles?

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Whatever the reason, pacifism in France s certainly and incredibly survived the r. And today there is no inward conflict. Pacifism, for what it is worth, is free to work tructively in a country which is in no osition to wage war. Who can tell with cerainty what new spirit and accomplishments ay not flower there?

HARVEY JOHNSON

'eveland,
io.

WAR FICTION

SIR: The "slick" magazines have already in a number of war fiction stories, both on e war in England and France and on the nerican armed services in time of warfare. he influence of these magazines is tremenous. It is revealing to compare the spirit of his fiction with that of parallel stories produced under the bitter stress of World War I. shows an objective spirit on the whole, in ite of an utter disgust with totalitarianism. he dignity and courage of the British, the ulations of the refugee and invaded vil-r, and the tragedy of a race of young men se minds are warped and whose moral re is twisted by Hitlerism have all been rtrayed. While anything can be made insting in fiction, if well written, a heavy onsibility devolves upon the authors of r stories to keep their heads in the interational crisis, to maintain factual and inllectual honesty, and not to let themselves forced by general hysteria or the requireents of custom-made fiction into following, ther than leading, public feeling.

IRIS KING

,
assachusetts.

IN BRIEF

Our editorial last month on "Hitler and merican Business" brought welcome cheers, nong others, from Major George Fielding liot; Bennett A. Cerf, head of Random House, publishers; and John K. Anderson of The Brookings Institution. Mr. Anderson hopes that the editorial will "help open the eyes of American businessmen who still do business with our potential enemies." The Institution, he adds, is publishing a pamphlet entitled "How Nazi Germany Has Mobilized and Controlled Labor," showing "that serfdom has returned to Europe". . . . On the other hand, the editor of The Truth Seeker, Charles Smith, argues that to force individual business firms not to trade with any totalitarian nation, as suggested in our editorial, "is a decidedly totalitarian innovation. . . . The Government of the United States cannot safely characterize unfavorably any government which it officially recognizes and against which it does not wish to go to war". . . . Charles H. Curb of Calumet, Oklahoma, takes vigorous exception to the article "Accent on Sin," describing a type of small denominational college. He sees in it "depreciation of the principles of righteousness" and religion. The anonymous author of the article, of course, intended no such depreciation, contending rather that it is an ineffective method of implanting those principles.

Edwin B. Callahan of Longmeadow, Springfield, Mass., has no special love for Dr. Westrick and regrets that one of the bullets he, Callahan, fired at St. Mihiel or the Argonne didn't end the Nazi gentleman. All the same he considers the press attacks on Hitler's recent emissary "cowardly" and proving nothing. . . . "Sure the world's nuts," writes Ludwig Shirner, from San Francisco, "but why must your magazine rub it in so hard with your 'Lunacy' items and articles on how cock-eyed everything is? Why do you work so hard proving the obvious? Let's have more about the sane, the beautiful, the inspiring things — and they do exist!" . . . You will recall that in her short story "Major Engagement in Paris," Kay Boyle described a tooth and gum cleanser which she called "Hav-a-Pick." Well, there really is such a gadget. We have the information direct from W. A. Ryan, President of the manufacturing firm, which calls it "Stim-U-Dents."

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

C. C. Burlingame, M.D., psychiatrist-in-chief of the Neuro-Psychiatric Institute of the Hartford Retreat, at Hartford, Conn., is one of the foremost alienists in the country.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin is the distinguished American poet, winner of the Pulitzer award for poetry in 1936 and author of an array of books in prose and verse.

Thomas C. Desmond is New York State Senator from Newburgh, chairman of the Committee on Affairs of Cities and head of the State Trichinosis Commission.

Glenn Ward Dresbach, whose work has appeared in all leading American periodicals, has ten volumes of poetry to his credit. In the World War he served as Captain in the U. S. Army.

Charles Edward Eaton teaches English at the University of Missouri.

Joseph Freeman, author of the autobiographical *An American Testament*, is now at work on another volume continuing that personal story.

Ralph Friedrich, who is 27 and teaches school in Cincinnati, contributes verse to many periodicals.

Major Robert Ginsburgh is a Regular Army Officer on duty with the War Department in Washington, D. C.

Charles Yale Harrison, the author of *Generals Die in Bed*, *Meet Me on the Barricades* and other novels, has been active for many years in the labor movement. Though now at work on a novel, he is also in charge of publicity for an electrical workers' union.

T. F. Healy, well known Irish writer, at present living in Connecticut, where he is doing a book on the Brendan discovery of America, based on data recently uncovered in the Irish MSS.

Stewart H. Holbrook has been a frequent contributor to these pages. H latest book, *Ethan Allen*, is on the best selling lists.

Isabel Lundberg was assistant editor o the *Smart Set* in its true-story phase, and before that edited other magazines. Sh is now a free-lance journalist.

Louis Paul has published five novel and stories in practically all nation magazines. His first published story, i 1934, won the O. Henry Memori Award, and his first novel, the followi year, *The Pumpkin Coach*, was a Liter Guild selection.

Channing Pollock is one of the coun try's outstanding playwrights, author and lecturers. His most recent book is th much-quoted *The Adventures of a Happ Man*.

Alfred H. Sinks has worked on new papers in San Juan and Puerto Rico an has lived for several years in the We Indies. He has many published shor stories and articles to his credit.

Bary Ulanov is Editorial Director *Swing Magazine*.

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...pin — *Mazurkas, Volume III* (Victor um M-691, $4.50). The issuance of these teen Mazurkas leaves only five unrecorded Arthur Rubinstein's imposing series. Few er pianists, with or without his technical stery, could have produced the three umes so as to give more pleasure to more ple; for if there is a general lack of e frenzy here to compel great, den exaltation, the same lack precludes steady infliction of nausea. Strongly ommended.

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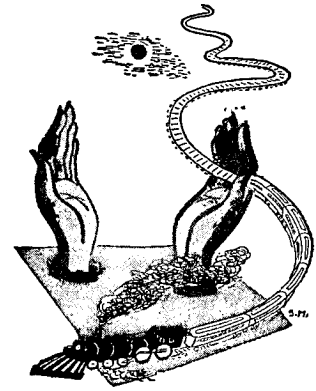

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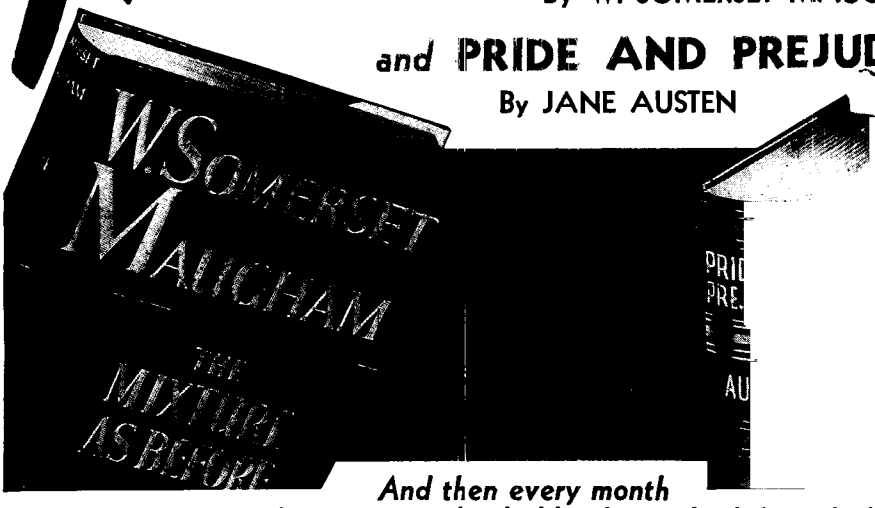

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